

# The Listener

Published every Thursday by the British Broadcasting Corporation



Television comes to the West of England and Wales: Bristol (above) and Cardiff (below) are two of the cities which will be served by the new television transmitter at Wenvoe where the opening ceremony is being performed tomorrow

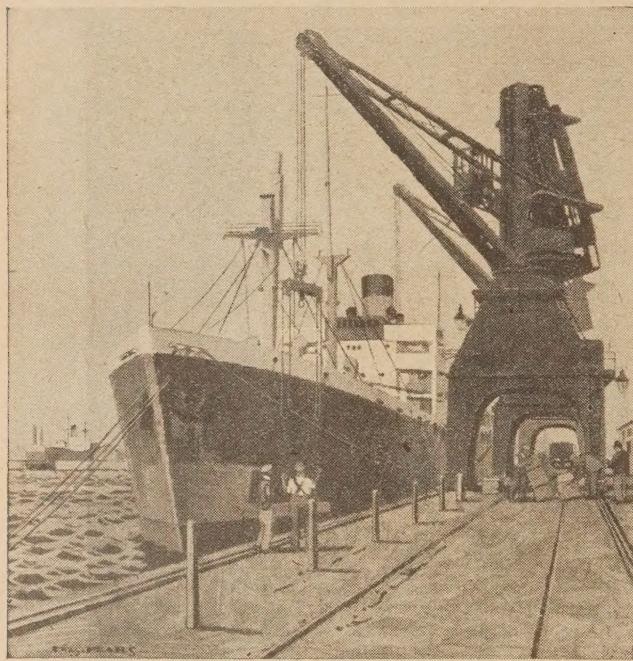
In this number:

**Two Communist Capitals: Moscow and Peking (W. Grigor McClelland)**

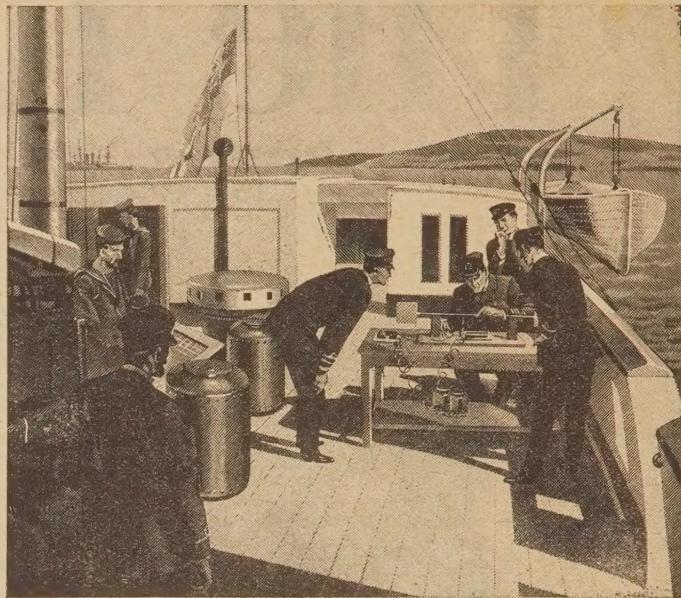
**Reflections on the Olympic Games (Lord Burghley)**

**The Ballad of Culver's Hole (Vernon Watkins)**

## QUICK TURN ROUND



THE S.S. "Eumaeus" rammed the quay at Hongkong and stove in her bows. The hole was filled in with concrete and in this state she steamed back to Glasgow to be repaired in the Barclay Curle & Company shipyard. The first step in the repair was, obviously, to dislodge the concrete. It could be chipped out—all 4 tons of it—a few pounds at a time with road drills, crowbars and chisels. But at this point I.C.I. was asked to remove it with explosives. Though it is easy enough to break up concrete by this means, it was more difficult to find a way of blasting without at the same time damaging either the rest of the ship, the nearby ships in the yard, or the adjoining property. The technical service department of I.C.I.'s Nobel Division, drawing on 80 years' experience of explosives, knew the answer. The concrete was removed safely, and the S.S. "Eumaeus" was back in service in a comparatively short time.



EARLY IN THE 1890's, Commander Henry Bradwardine Jackson—knowing nothing of the work of Marconi—first conceived the idea that torpedo boats might announce their approach to a capital ship by the use of wireless waves. In 1895, in the torpedo-school ship 'Defiance' at Devonport, he began secret experiments on Admiralty instructions. Before the end of the year he had succeeded in transmitting, from one end of the ship, signals of sufficient intensity to ring an electric bell in the receiving circuit at the other. After meeting Marconi, who first visited England the following summer, he went rapidly ahead with the evolution of naval wireless telegraphy, making vital contributions to the development of world communications. The tempo of modern life has certainly quickened since 1895, when Albert E. Reed first developed the production of super-calendered newsprint. In the reclaimed straw paper mill he had acquired the previous year, his first machines produced but six cwt. of paper an hour. Compare with this the six tons an hour reeled off the modern high-speed machines in the great Aylesford mills of the Reed Paper Group—their continually-expanding production including newsprint, kraft and tissue papers. For to-day the Reed Paper Group with its great resources and technical experience is one of the largest paper-making organisations in the world.

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# The Listener

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## Dr. Syngman Rhee's Aims in Korea

By EDGAR KENNEDY

ON a windy day in October, 1945, a large crowd gathered in the Korean capital of Seoul. About two months before Russian troops had occupied a zone north of the 38th parallel and a month before the Americans had landed in the south. Both forces had come to disarm the Japanese soldiers and the ceremony this day was to celebrate the liberation of Korea from the Japanese who had held it since 1910. Flags waved from the platform erected in front of the capitol. General John Hodge, the American commander, stood stiffly to attention in front of a pearl-inlaid ebony screen. At the stroke of three there was a roll on the drums, a blast on the bugles, and the General jerked away the screen. Revealed to the crowd was a short, thin, ageing man with rather wispy, white hair. It was Dr. Syngman Rhee\*. At that moment the wind suddenly changed, two huge American and Soviet flags swung on their ropes and covered up the smaller Korean flag draped between them. I think the events that day were symbolic of Korean destiny. Her geographical position—especially in this age of air war—means that neither the Soviet Union nor the United States can allow her to be dominated by the other.

The split in Korea today can partly be traced to the different policies pursued by the two occupying powers. In North Korea the Russians promptly dismissed the Japanese from office and recognised the Korean People's Committees which had been set

up before the Japanese surrender. So the nucleus of a completely Korean government was formed—although, in fact, it consisted chiefly of indoctrinated Koreans returned from Russia. In the southern zone the Americans kept the Japanese in office and used the hated Japanese police to keep order. They were, of course, deported later—but this made a bad impression for liberation. What I believe was more dangerous was the Americans' fear of communism which made them suspect all leftist groups. A Liberal called Lyuh Woon-hyeung, who had recently been released from a Japanese prison, had set up a People's Republic. This represented an undivided Korea and, some people think, could have been a useful and loyal ally. The American military however, labelled it 'Red' and forced it into opposition. Instead, they brought back Syngman Rhee, the old patriot who had not been near Korea since he had fled from the Japanese thirty-five years before. After his unveiling by General Hodge, he came to life and treated the crowds, in his vigorous voice, to a tirade against the Soviet Union—with suitable remarks on the perfidy of the United States. The American officers present applauded loudly. They did not understand Korean.

Syngman Rhee was not elected President until May, 1948, when the first elections were held. Meanwhile, the United States tried to bring some order out of the post-war chaos and help the Koreans with money and material to get their country into

\* Last week Dr. Syngman Rhee was re-elected President of the Republic of Korea by a large majority

running order. During my stay in Korea I was often to hear abuse of the United States—it seemed that she could do no right. When an appeal for help went up—sometimes on the most frivolous grounds—and she failed to respond (which she seldom did) she was roundly abused for being hard hearted. If she responded she was accused of imperialism through charity. I think myself she made grave mistakes, particularly in her treatment of the People's Republic, during this occupation period, but it was often difficult for her to know what to do, and few of the American administrators and military had any experience of oriental ways of life and ways of thinking. All this time, too, they were having their own troubles with the Soviet-sponsored regime in the north, and finally, despairing of ever reaching an agreement for unifying the country, they dropped the squalling Korean infant into the lap of the United Nations.

### Unsuccessful Efforts to Unify Korea

This was in 1947. It is sometimes forgotten now that United Nations was interested in Korea as early as that. The United Nations set up a commission to supervise the Korean elections. Shortly after the Commission was formed a conference of North and South Koreans was held in North Korea at which 240 representatives from South Korea were present. Dr. Syngman Rhee was not invited. But the Liberal Chairman of the Interim Assembly attended, and the former President of the Korean provisional government. When the delegates returned they were outspoken in their approval of the North Korean leaders, whom they considered moderate and patriotic. But General Hodge, the American Commander, regarded their attendance at the conference as a personal affront and described them as 'stooges who had been baited by the communists'. So it was not surprising that efforts to unify the country were not successful. The following month, May 1948, elections were held and Syngman Rhee's party, with the rather long name of 'The Society for the Rapid Realisation of Korean Independence', won hands down. Rhee became President in July.

Rhee had flourished during the occupation period. He was thought of as the strong man who could contain communism, and he was therefore supported by the American military government until he had built up his network of mass organisations and so made his power secure—except for those tiresome guerrillas in the hills. He soon built up a political machine. He had a praiseworthy aim—to unify Korea by hook or by crook. If a Soviet-sponsored regime in the north prevented unification, then it must be crushed, with foreign help if necessary. But Syngman Rhee did embody Korean nationalist aspirations and because he did he was the obvious popular choice. He wanted—and still wants—an independent Korea, just as he wanted one thirty-five years ago when the Japanese ruled his country. The difficulty is that Syngman Rhee's liberalism, too, dates back to that time when Korea had hardly emerged from feudalism. He saw an independent Korea over which he would rule on feudal lines; if the liberty of the subject interfered with his aims then liberty must go. He could be benevolent if unopposed; ruthless as an adversary. Behind Dr. Rhee, counselling and advising, was his Viennese wife, slim, handsome, and poised. It has been said that she is his greatest liability because she considers him the greatest man in Korea and he agrees with her.

### The President's Difficult Task

Whatever we may think of his recent actions, we must recognise that Rhee was faced with a very difficult task when he became President. His country was divided in two, with each part, by now, dedicated to destroying the other. The moderate elements had been eliminated and the extreme left opposition was working underground. The economy of the country was shattered because each half of it needed the other. The north produced fertiliser

and was industrialised: the south produced grain and had the raw materials. To mould Korea into a modern state needed trained administrators, but the Japanese, during all their years of occupation, had deliberately denied political education to the people and had excluded all Koreans from technical or administrative posts. There was no one who could run anything, or, for that matter, repair anything.

The only people Syngman Rhee could appeal to to help him were those who had been in exile with him or had collaborated with the Japanese. The people in his first cabinet were not, therefore, statesmen who were trained for their jobs. The Prime Minister, General Lee Bum Suk, had been head of the Korean youth movement. He was somewhat inclined to police state methods. The Foreign Minister, Chang Taik Sang, was educated in England and had been at one time police chief of Seoul. He was a strong rightist and was nicknamed the Tiger. The Secretary of Agriculture was a former leftist who had turned King's Evidence against his former associates. We need not speculate on their fate. These men were representatives of the inexperienced political appointees who made up the cabinet. There was violent opposition but it had no voice, as the National Assembly was packed with Rhee's supporters.

### Unusual Powers

To appreciate Rhee's hitherto unchallenged position we have to look at Article 57 of Korea's Constitution. It gives the President rather unusual powers. It says in effect that whenever there is a crisis 'the President shall have the right to issue orders having the effect of law'. But who determines what is a crisis? The President, of course. A few weeks ago a guerrilla raid near Pusan furnished the pretext for invoking this clause, and, as the result, members of the Korean Parliament were arrested or locked in the Assembly Hall until they had voted in favour of a resolution which would provide for the re-election of the President by popular vote instead of by the Assembly.

This appears a rather undemocratic method of enforcing a democratic vote—and there is a reason for it. The National Assembly has swung away from President Rhee since his election in 1948. His four-year term was up on July 14, and he wished to remain in power. The leftists among the people had been crushed since the war, so an appeal to the country could only result in his overwhelming re-election. And what could be more democratic and act more effectively to silence criticism than a President elected by direct popular vote? The Western Powers have not reacted favourably to his methods. But there is really very little we can do about it unless the United Nations intervenes. If we press President Rhee too hard and he threatens to withdraw his army from the United Nations forces, what becomes of our police action? He was put in power through American help, and the United States can hardly repudiate him in the middle of a war. We cannot say 'let him stew in his own juice', and desert Korea, for we are fighting there to resist aggression.

As to the advance of Korea herself through social reform and political education, I do not feel very hopeful of quick progress—indeed, of anything except very slow progress—from what I have seen in that country. There has been good work done by the United Nations—by experts from the Refugee Organisation, from the World Health Organisation, and the International Labour Organisation—to clear some of the chaos and advise the government on what should be done. But, of course, the war slowed down all this work. I personally believe that, in spite of all they have received from the west, the majority of Koreans would vote for a regime like the one in the north if they had absolutely free elections and were not threatened by Rhee's police squads. I do not feel myself that these votes would be cast for communism. They would simply be Korea's expression—which is part of the Asiatic expression—of her rejection of continued western interference.

—Home Service

# Two Communist Capitals

W. GRIGOR McCLELLAND on Moscow and Peking

I WENT to Moscow last April to attend the Economic Conference, and while I was there the Chinese delegation offered me the chance to fly to Peking for a short visit. I want to tell you what I found when I got to China, and, in particular, I want to describe the difference, as it struck me, between Moscow and Peking—between a city where Communism is taken quite for granted and a city where Communism is still a new way of life.

From Moscow to Peking is 4,000 miles—about as far as from London to Zanzibar: first across snowbound Siberia and then the barren wastes of Mongolia. It was a breathtaking journey. I remember spending the first night at Novosibirsk, a new town in the middle of the Siberian steppe. It was dusk after we had finished our meal at the airport hotel, but our boisterous and jovial host rushed us round the town in a rickety old bus. I remember seeing a church built since 1945, which rather surprised me, and how I ended up by playing a game of chess with a Russian soldier at the airport. (You do not need to know each other's language, of course, to play chess together.) He was on duty, so we both played standing. Then there was Irkutsk, last stop in the Soviet Union. We were delayed here by a snowstorm, so a visit to a shoe factory was arranged, all in ten minutes, and after that I found myself making a speech to 200 boys and girls in a youth centre. It was here that we saw a comic opera, a skit on Tsarist days; and, at another theatre, a show put on by some sailors. They sang rousing songs with great gusto: in fact they enjoyed themselves so much that they kept smiling and winking at each other instead of looking at the audience. And I remember taking some photographs and missing a bus. I hailed a lorry and they picked me up in the friendliest way, quite as a matter of course.

From Irkutsk we flew south to Peking, crossing frozen Lake Baikal and stopping at Ulan Bator, the capital of Mongolia, and at Sajn-Sanda, where the airfield was merely a stretch of the Gobi Desert. And

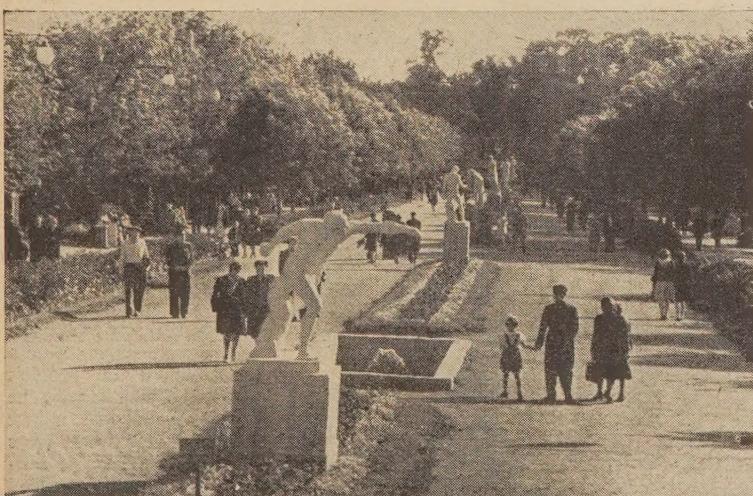
then we were over China. As far as the eye could reach there was not a speck of green, for the crops were not yet showing. There was just brown earth, endless brown earth, densely populated and deeply eroded. It was not long since the snow had melted but most of the watercourses were bone dry. What I had heard of China's peasants suddenly became



Sverdlov Square, Moscow, showing the building which houses the Bolshoi Opera and Ballet Theatre of the U.S.S.R.

real to me. I could see them scraping sustenance from that brown earth, utterly dependent on the fickle weather to keep them free from famine. Later I saw what is being done about it. Travelling by rail to Tientsin I saw thousands of young trees, planted in lines to break the wind and bind the soil. I stood on the banks of a newly dug irrigation ditch bringing water from a river two-and-a-half miles away. And I asked one old peasant when he had got the metal tools he was carrying. 'Two years ago', he said, 'after the liberation'.

But this was all ahead of me, as I looked down from the aeroplane at the bare brown earth. Soon we crossed a range of jagged hills, with the Great Wall of China, studded with watch-towers, twisting and turning fantastically among them. And not long after, the aeroplane circled over Peking, decked in the spring green of many trees, and we landed. Peking struck me, first, not as another Communist capital but simply as a beautiful city. Moscow is great and grand, but Peking is beautiful. It is also much more primitive. Moscow streets are full of cars, Peking streets of bicycles. In Moscow you take a taxi, turned out by a Soviet automobile factory, or you travel in the marble and mosaic Underground. In Peking you take a 'pedi-cab'—what you might call a tricycle rickshaw—for there are not so many cars, those there are being mostly American ones. In Moscow you are surrounded on all sides by the impressive constructional achievements of Soviet Communism. In Peking they are building some flats and offices but the city as a whole is, of course, the product of the old order. In Moscow the posters advertise industrial products like tinned fish and ice-cream; in Peking the posters teach elementary habits of



The Gorky Central Park of Culture and Rest, Moscow

hygiene. In Moscow anyone is called 'Comrade'. But in Peking it would be heavy irony to address as 'Comrade' one of the business men, for example, who had no long association with the Communists. And there is more luxury in Moscow. All the people have adequate clothing but you can tell instantly by their dress who is rich and who is poor. In Peking, though the quality of the material varies, most of the people, men and women alike, are clad in the same blue denim trousers, tunic and cap: this is the fashionable thing to wear in the New China, and is very practical.

It seemed to me that in China there is still much more of the revolutionary fervour and spirit of equality than there is now in Russia after over thirty years of the new society. For example, Russian generals wear medals: but in Peking we saw high-ranking officers of the P.L.A.—the People's Liberation Army—some of them with twenty years' service, and none wore a single medal. These officers were watching the May

On my last day in China I visited a village near Peking to see how the redistribution of the landlord's property had worked out. I spoke to a former landlord. When his land was redistributed he got a share like everyone else, but he did not have the standard share because he had preferred to keep his carts and mules and carry on a transport business for the village. He had been able to keep only part of his house, but this part—I looked inside it—was still more commodious and better furnished than the house of a peasant I had looked into before. He was working his passage; in three years, I was told, he can regain full civic rights. In the meantime the Communists try to educate him, as they say, to be a useful citizen of the New China.

This zeal for political education means endless meetings. 'We try to bring the minority round', said one leading Chinese Communist to me, 'That is why we have so many meetings. The people say: "The Kuomintang had too many taxes, the Communists have too many meetings"'. His eyes twinkled as he said it, and I was, I must say, a little surprised to find a Communist poking fun at Communist methods.

Perhaps the explanation lies partly in the fact that the Chinese Communists have boundless self-confidence. We asked one of them whether he thought Chiang Kai-shek would attempt a landing on the mainland. 'Not a hope', he said. 'Why do you say that?', we asked. 'We weren't born yesterday', he said. 'We have had our land reform and in every district land is set aside for "soldiers returning from abroad". If Chiang dared to set foot on the mainland, he would find his army melting away as his previous armies have done'. The impression I got was that they could afford to be confident: the Government has made people feel that it can 'deliver the goods'. For instance, it means a great deal to the people that the new Government has stopped inflation, has successfully fought corruption—and has actually cleaned out the Peking drains.

The Chinese character and background will no doubt affect the development of their Communism. In China one feels immediately that the Chinese are the heirs of a great and ancient civilisation, whereas there seems to be something rather self-conscious and *nouveau riche* about Soviet Communism. The Chinese, as I came to know them in my brief visit, seemed to me to have a greater poise, a sense of humour more like our own, and a greater sensitivity in personal relationships, than the Russians. These things blend with Communism and the result is something new. For example, in their dealings with us we were struck by the way that the old Chinese habit of politeness made such an attractive combination with the new Communist cult of frankness.

But the similarities to Russia are more important and they know it. 'Russia', said one Chinese, his eyes sparkling: 'that's what we shall be like in twenty years' time'.

Perhaps the most striking similarity between the two countries is in the use of propaganda. While I was in Russia and China the main propaganda theme was peace. In both countries it strikes a special chord in people's hearts—in China because she suffered from war almost continuously for twenty years and in Russia because Hitler's armies nearly reached Moscow. The word 'Peace' appeared on every airfield



Peking: courtyard of the former Imperial Palace

Day parade in which half-a-million Peking citizens took part. The atmosphere in Peking as people prepared for this celebration, or during May Day evening when they danced in the streets—in spite of the rain—was the atmosphere you get when everyone is caught up in a common excitement: the atmosphere in London at the time of a royal wedding; or, where I come from, the atmosphere when Newcastle United bring home the F.A. Cup. Mao Tse-tung and the other Chinese leaders watched the parade from a place called the Gate of Heavenly Peace. Many of the people parading would shout out, as they passed, 'Long live Chairman Mao', and he would reply through the microphone 'Long live everybody'. Mrs. Mao was not up there beside him. Women have to make their own mark, and I met several who had—teachers, nurses, and administrators. The wife of one of our hosts was away on land reform work. We asked him what happened to family life when the call of duty separates a couple for months at a time. 'Of course', he said, 'you don't see your wife so much, and that's not good. But life is so much richer when you do meet again—you have such a lot to talk about'. Their ten-year-old son was at a boarding school. He came home every Saturday and stayed till Sunday evening.

We visited three schools. At one we saw a notice-board covered with letters from schoolchildren in Russia, Czechoslovakia, and Indo-China. One class was having a free period when they worked on their own. Immediately the bell for break rang they all put their books away, scrambled for the door, and rushed out into the playground to start some gay folk-dancing. At another school, we found a boy of eight and one of sixteen in the same class. This was because so many children of all ages are starting from scratch. Grown-ups, too, are learning to read and write; the schools we visited are used in the evenings for adult education and everywhere in Peking you can see wall newspapers and wall blackboards for those who have learnt to read.



Young Pioneers in a National Day parade in Peking

across Siberia, and flocks of white doves were released at the May Day parade in Peking. A child in one of the Chinese schools gave me a piece of handiwork on the theme of the peace dove bearing its olive branch. In both countries the authorities have all the organs of propaganda in their hands and can mobilise public opinion and bring it to bear on the individual. That is why compulsion is not as widely used as we

sometimes think in either China or Russia. For instance, the Moscow Underground is kept absolutely spotless by making people believe that to drop litter is to behave like a cad. The method is rather like that of an English public school, where the authorities see to it that it is the done thing to turn out and cheer your side. This does not suit everyone but the majority cheer—and they cheer with genuine enthusiasm.

—Home Service

## 'A Prairie Roosevelt'

ALISTAIR COOKE on Governor Adlai Stevenson

**A**LITTLE more than four years ago, a half-dozen men met in Washington for lunch. Senator Tom Connally was present. So was Mr. James Byrnes, then Secretary of State. The others were men from the state of Illinois, one of whom was a local politico called Jake Arvey. He was and is the chairman of the Democratic Party in Cook County, Illinois, the county in which Chicago finds itself. Mr. Arvey was in Washington moseying around for suggestions about who to run for the Senate in Illinois the following year. It would also be time to elect a new Governor, and Mr. Arvey, to put it mildly, was not optimistic. Illinois is a Republican State, and the Democrats had nobody in sight who could even put up a decent fight with a water pistol against the heavy guns of the Republicans. The Democrats expected to be massacred. And, as always happens in such contingencies, the Democrats were looking around for some stooge or fall-guy who would go down to defeat with grace. Secretary Byrnes listened to much woe-ful talk for a time and then said: 'But you've got a gold nugget out there'. Mr. Jake Arvey frowned. 'I mean', said Mr. Byrnes, 'Adlai Stevenson'. 'Ad-what?' said Mr. Arvey, frowning still more. 'Stevenson', Mr. Byrnes repeated. 'Never heard of him', said Mr. Arvey.

Considering that Stevenson's family had been in Illinois 100 years, and his grandfather was Vice-President of the United States, and considering that Mr. Jake Arvey is the biggest political boss the Democrats have in Illinois, none of us should feel ignorant in being only four years behind him. Moreover, I should tell you that when Governor Stevenson appeared on the rostrum at the Convention at half-past two in the morning, to be introduced by President Truman, and to make his acceptance speech, even many of the delegates who had voted for him were getting their first sight of him, and were astonished by his name, his appearance, his accent, and all the other things that will become very familiar indeed in the next three months. One delegate said: 'Why, he doesn't seem like a snob at all, though he does talk sort of high-toned like Roosevelt'. Another one said: 'How do you say that name—Adalaide—Alday?' Another, seeing him come to the microphone with his two handsome sons, said 'Where's his wife?'

You would think it mattered a little to the Democrats that Governor Stevenson has no wife—he was divorced a couple of years ago. Since no man has ever been elected President who was divorced, there was anxiety for awhile about whether Governor Stevenson could make it. That was one anxiety among the few men in the Democratic high command who, early this year, and at the instance of President Truman, decided to go after Stevenson and see if he took kindly to a boom for his candidacy. He did not, and shrank from it so successfully that by the

time his name suddenly appeared in all the newspapers, the only two things a lot of Americans, and all Republicans, knew about him was that he had been divorced and that he had been a character witness for Alger Hiss. Since the Republican vice-presidential candidate, Mr. Richard Nixon, was the member of the House Committee on Un-American Activities who finally ran Hiss to ground, it is very likely that you will hear a lot about this incident.

But Governor Stevenson himself has anticipated this line of attack by a statement that leaves nothing to be said on the grounds of fact or integrity. He had worked with Hiss as a lawyer in the Department of Agriculture in the early days of the New Deal. And he had run

across him quite often at San Francisco and in London in the early days of the United Nations. Stevenson was an information officer to the American Delegation in San Francisco, and an alternate delegate at the General Assembly in London. In the trials of Alger Hiss, Governor Stevenson did not appear to testify for Hiss. He made a deposition in Illinois simply reporting, as character witnesses ought, not what he had come to think about Hiss as a person or a security risk, but what he knew the public reputation of Hiss to be in the days he had worked with him. He was asked, according to the strictly legal form, what was Hiss' reputation, at the time he knew him, for 'loyalty, honesty, integrity'? He replied that it was good. That is all. He has since said that if he were asked to answer the same questions tomorrow, 'in all honesty I would have to give exactly the same answers, and also I would have just as little cause to quarrel with the final verdict of the

court'. He has also added: 'It seems to me that it will be a very sad day for Anglo-Saxon justice when any man, and especially a lawyer, will refuse to give honest evidence in a criminal trial for fear the defendant in any action may eventually be found guilty. What would happen to our whole system of law if such timidity prevailed?'

That, I think, will dispose of that issue, and malicious people will pursue it at their peril. I mention it, and the divorce, because until the end of January they were about the only two public things known about Governor Stevenson, except the fact that he had gone into the race for the Illinois governorship, doomed to certain defeat, had campaigned in every corner of Illinois in a second-hand car, and had been elected in a landslide with more than 500,000 majority, while President Truman sneaked in on Stevenson's coat-tails in that state by just over 30,000. Then, at the end of January, Governor Stevenson was called to Washington, spent two hours with the President. And, suddenly, his name was the hottest political news there was. But until two weeks ago, few Americans had ever seen him outside Illinois, and none would have recognised him on the street or his voice over the telephone.



President Truman with Governor Stevenson at the Democratic Party's National Convention in Chicago

He is fifty-two years of age, just above medium height, has a halo of black hair around a high bald dome, 'pop' eyes of a mischievous and intelligent blue, and an erect little figure that bounces on its toes, the shoulders back, rather like Chaplin's take-off of Hitler. He looks to be always on the verge of a smile or a witticism, and is very ready with both of them. He dresses well, in a style that would not surprise an Englishman but would, in the infinitely subtle social differences between English and American dressing, leave an Englishman uncertain of his type. In this country, however, his type is instantly recognisable. It is that of a well-heeled, cultivated easterner, probably from Harvard, Princeton, or even Yale. In fact, he was born in Los Angeles, but that was only because—as they used to say of Lloyd George's birth in Manchester—his mother happened to be there at the time. His father, who at one time later was thought a likely vice-presidential contender, came of an old eastern family which had settled in Illinois, when Illinois itself was being settled. A great-great-great-grandparent was a colonel of cavalry in the Revolutionary War, who died on the field and gave his sword and his command to a young lieutenant named George Washington.

Stevenson was only five when he was brought back from the west, where his father had been managing some gold and copper mines for the Hearst family, to the mid-west where he belonged. He went to school there, but had a year in Switzerland where he acquired a talent still rather remarkable in an American president—a fluent command of French. He was sent to prep. (what you call public) school at Choate—which is to say Marlborough or Cheltenham—in Connecticut, and then to Princeton. In his eighteenth year he wound up the first world war as a landlocked apprentice seaman. He went to Harvard Law School, then to Northwestern, and finally settled down as a corporation lawyer in Chicago—engaging, well-bred, amusing, a socialite with a private income. He was roused out of this agreeable philosophy by the depression and by the advent of Roosevelt. And, with an ardour which seemed odd for his type, he went to Washington as a lawyer for the New Deal. In the second war, Colonel Knox, the Secretary of the Navy, brought him back as his personal assistant. During the war, he went all over Europe on war missions for the Navy and the President, and one of his reports—on the industrial, social, agricultural, and economic future of Italy—is regarded as a classic state paper. After the war he was deep in the origins of the United Nations and, until 1947,

a familiar figure on the American delegation at Lake Success. He never ran for public office until he was picked out of a hat by that Mr. Arvey, to give a little tone to his defeat in the election for governor. Of course, he fooled 'em. He won. He fooled the politicians by refusing to be a cat's paw. Instead, he fired hundreds of state employees, illegalised gambling, went like a bulldozer through the messy relationships of the state's police and assorted gangsters and grafters. He revived a highway programme that had been a fat feast for grafting contractors. He reorganised and purged the state's social welfare agencies. In his first interview after the election with the reigning political boss, the boss said to him: 'Now let me tell you, Adlai, how things are run in this county'. Stevenson said: 'Before you begin, I just want to make one thing clear: I want every slot machine destroyed in Cook County'. It was an awful jolt to the machine politicians, and he has been jolting them ever since. They thought he was a dandy, and he turned out to be tough, shrewd, and—what was even more baffling—with an enormous appeal to the ordinary farmer, workman, and street-car conductor.

You can see how he would be called, as they have called him, a prairie Roosevelt. He is, to begin with, as eccentric as Roosevelt. Roosevelt's voice, for instance, must have seemed more normal to an Englishman than most Americans' voices. But exactly to that extent, and for the same reason, it was more abnormal to Americans. Stevenson's accent is certainly going to be a hurdle to him. So perhaps is his intelligence, his eloquence, and his dignity. But he is taking the gamble that people are not as impressed by the bombast and fake indignation of the familiar politician as they are meant to be. The great question about him is whether he can match in decisiveness and judgment his quite remarkable gifts of intellect and personal charm. The Eisenhower camp has already conceded that he has a great appeal to the intelligentsia—which is a left-handed compliment if ever I heard one. You would meet him in a hundred places in Anglo-American, or American-French, society—at literary meetings, cocktail parties, Embassy Balls, musical recitals, on well-groomed tennis courts with well-groomed people, in the more witty drolleries that go on in anterooms and the delegates' lounge of the United Nations. But in the weird and wonderful course of American politics, the last place you would expect to see such a man is in the White House. That is, of course, the last place the Republicans expect to see him.—*From a Home Service talk*

## The Bonn and Paris Agreements—IV

# Divided Opinions in Western Europe

By SIR ROBERT BRUCE LOCKHART

**I** AM going to discuss the reactions of the countries of western Europe to the Bonn and Paris Agreements and to the prospect of German rearmament. Although I can speak with some personal knowledge of the countries concerned, I must say frankly that in all the western countries opinion is divided. Generalisations are therefore dangerous.

First, we have to remember that, with the exception of Britain, which is outside the scope of my talk, all the western countries suffered under German occupation during the last war. It is an unpleasant fact which many people find easier to forgive than to forget. And in all these countries there is a nucleus which neither forgets nor forgives. Secondly, we have to bear in mind that the Bonn and Paris Agreements have still to be ratified by the parliaments of most of the countries concerned and that in some of them, France in particular, ratification is by no means certain. Thirdly, there is the knowledge, deep-rooted in the minds of the peoples of western Europe, that if the Soviet Government had observed its treaty obligations and had co-operated loyally in the control of Germany, the problem of rearming Germans would never have arisen in its present form, since we should have been faced neither with a divided Germany nor with a divided world. In western Europe today the cleavage between east and west has created two fears: fear of the Soviet Union and fear of Germany. Where fear of Russia is stronger, it reduces opposition to German rearmament.

Although Norway and Denmark are outside the European Defence Community, they are members of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation and, as such, are vitally concerned in the problem of the re-

armament of Germany. Anxiety lest the Americans should one day withdraw and leave Germany as the strongest military power in western Europe is never wholly absent from Danish and Norwegian minds. It is, however, a distant menace. The threat of the Red Army is ever present and plain for all to see.

Unless the German Federal Government is bonded with western Europe and allowed to defend its own territory, the west is not strong enough. Both Danes and Norwegians are fully conscious of this fact. They also realise that every German wants a united Germany and that in the west's own interest German unity must come eventually from the west and through the aid of the west. Many Norwegians and Danes see Germany as a dangerous vacuum, in which Germans are free to play off east against west and to blackmail the one into giving concessions by threatening to throw themselves into the arms of the other. It is a situation which favours the renascence of Nazi-ism, or some movement akin to it, and Norwegians and Danes, motivated by the policy of the lesser fear, feel that, if the present opportunity of supporting the German Federal Republic is neglected, it may never come again.

There is another argument which inclines Danish and Norwegian business men to German rearmament. It is the knowledge that, with Germany now well on the way to economic recovery, an unarmed Germany will soon be underselling every nation, including the United States, in all parts of the globe. It is undeniable that today some German industrialists are more eager to expand their exports than to produce men and arms. While, therefore, most Danes and Norwegians are prepared to accept German rearmament, they would certainly have

been perturbed if, in order to facilitate ratification of the Bonn Agreement, the western Powers had appeared to let Dr. Adenauer's Government off too lightly. There is no question of this. Germany will be making a defence contribution proportionately higher than our own.

By and large, the same arguments hold good in the Benelux countries. There are, however, varying shades of attitude and of opinion, for the Benelux countries are in the European Defence Community and must furnish units to the eventual European army. Both the Belgian and Dutch socialists have what may be called Bevanite sections which believe that the risk of war is low and the cost of rearmament too high. Nevertheless, the vast majority of the Belgian and Dutch socialists accept rearmament, including that of Germany, but believe that it must be buttressed by a federation of the western countries.

In this connection they are disappointed because Britain, which has ties of blood and kinship with its sister nations of the Commonwealth, cannot enter a European federation and has not joined the European Defence Community. Although the British Government approves both projects and has given specific guarantees to all the member states of the European Defence Community, the disappointment lingers and, indeed, is shared by many Belgians and Dutchmen outside the socialist parties.

### The Belgian View

Between the Dutch and the Belgians there is one difference which I must mention. Of all the small nations of western Europe Holland suffered most during the war and has had the hardest struggle to recover. Belgium has had an easier task, is performing it wonderfully well, and is prosperous. The great virtues of the Belgians are thrift and a capacity for hard work. These business-like qualities are accompanied by a jealous fear of being outdone in any process of bargaining, and Belgians are united in their insistence that their contribution to the defence of western Europe must be conditional on a similar effort by all her partners.

Most Belgians and most Dutchmen, however, realise that they have every interest in keeping war away from their frontiers. Like Norway and Denmark, the three Benelux countries are in exposed positions and in this respect the danger of invasion is increased by an unarmed Germany. Above all, they understand that the main hope of European peace and recovery rests on a permanent settlement of the long-standing animosities between France and Germany, and this is what the member states, including Germany, hope to achieve by the European Defence Community.

Neither in the Benelux countries nor in Denmark and Norway is communism a serious danger, and, although in all these countries there are a few defeatists and some rather selfish gamblers on the improbability of war, the general consensus of opinion is in favour of a properly controlled rearmed Germany and, indeed, of any project that will bring France and Germany together.

And now I come to the most difficult problem of all: the attitude of France. Here the reactions are more serious and sharper in their contrasts. The European Army is a French project devised to enable German rearmament to take place without the danger of a resurgence of German militarism and to allow France to be at least as strong as Germany. There are many Frenchmen who doubt if the France of today is in a position to perform this role. In 1782 France, with 25,000,000 inhabitants, compared with Austria's 22,000,000, Russia's 18,000,000 and Britain's 9,000,000, had the largest population in Europe. Today she ranks only fifth. Moreover, the humiliation of defeat has created wide divisions in the French people. In voting power the communists are still the largest party and, although their strength has declined, communism in France is not only an external menace but also a potential internal danger. There is, too, a considerable number of neutralists who believe that France and, indeed, western Europe, can stand aloof from the conflict between the United States and the Soviet Union. It is a policy of despair and escapism based on the argument that France cannot afford a third liberation, but it finds adherents, and it is among these adherents that anti-Americanism is strongest.

There are, too, Frenchmen who fear lest a rearmed Germany may drag her new allies into an aggressive war for the recovery of her lost territories. In France, and I think in France alone, fear of Germany is at least as great as, if not actually greater than, fear of the Soviet Union.

From all these anxieties springs the insistent French request for guarantees from the United States and Britain. The guarantees have been given in full measure. The European Defence Community is to

be an integral part of the wider North Atlantic Community, and in order to prevent Germany or any other member state withdrawing from it and establishing its own national army, both the United States and Britain have declared formally that they will regard such a withdrawal as a threat to their own security. Nevertheless, it would be unwise to assume that France is fully reassured by these guarantees. On the foreign visitor, Paris makes an impression of confused and divided opinions, and I do not deny that the instability of post-war French Governments makes ratification of the Paris Agreement by the French Government a more open question than ratification of the Bonn Agreement by the Government of Dr. Adenauer. On the other hand, I can testify from personal experience that a much healthier spirit prevails in the French provinces and that, in spite of the financial difficulties of the French Government, the fundamental economic strength of France remains. In this respect she is perhaps in a sounder position than any other nation of western Europe. What she lacks is self-reliance, self-confidence, and, above all, political unity in foreign affairs.

All the nations of western Europe want peace, and to Frenchmen of all classes security is an obsession. But common sense and all the lessons of the past teach us that peace without strength is an illusion. I feel sure that throughout western Europe this axiom is realised by a far larger number of people than it was two years ago. In spite, therefore, of the manifold difficulties, I am confident that the European Defence Community will become a reality and that, even if it does not, France and Germany can still be brought together in the wider concept of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation.

Time is the enemy, for if we fritter it away it is against us. Defence is cheaper than defeat, and in the face of a potential Soviet aggression an unarmed Germany is a greater menace to peace than a Germany, re-armed, controlled, and seeking its recovery and its future alongside the democratic nations of western Europe.—European Service

In his book, *The Revolutionary Movement in France, 1815-1871* (Longmans, 16s.) Mr. John Plamenatz shows himself not to be a partisan of any theory, but a historical student. He has set himself to disentangle the extremely complicated threads of social thought and policy during the successive periods of the Restoration, the July Monarchy, the Second Republic, and the Second Empire.

He wisely refuses to be directed by any general theory of the nature of revolutions. He does not ignore the supreme importance of the 'ideas of '89', as has been the fashion amongst Marxists. He sees that the difference between the Jacobins and Girondins in the Convention of '92 set the pattern of the quarrel between the conservative and the radical revolutionaries which lay behind the political ups and downs of the whole succeeding period. He realises the yet more important fact that the mass of the French people never really belonged to any political party, or subscribed to any socialistic creed, but voted solidly for any government which professed to safeguard their land and their wages against either a Bourbon reaction or a Red Republic. Perhaps it might be urged, in this connection, that not enough attention has been paid to the impact of the Industrial Revolution upon the position and opinion of the urban working class, particularly in the years before the revolution of 1848, and during the later period of the Second Empire. For this is needed to explain the bitterness left behind by the street-fighting of '48 and '51, and the success with which both the Second Empire and the Third Republic appealed to the provinces against the capital. The whole trend of the period can be traced in the declining influence of Paris.

Mr. Plamenatz rightly begins with an account of the Great Revolution (though it is outside his period), because it was the origin of all that followed. He ignores, perhaps not so justifiably, the Directory and Napoleon: it would have been interesting to trace the history of the surviving Jacobins. Even the great Napoleon himself was, after all, a repentant Jacobin. With the Restoration period we plunge into the party medley of Ultras, Catholics, upper and lower middle class, city workers, and peasantry; theoretical Saint-Simonism and practical Charbonnerie. Under the July Monarchy these fragments are sorted out into four rather arbitrary classes of republicans. The revolution of '48 is given detailed treatment; as is the *coup d'état* of '51 (though without the help of Guillemin's recent work). There are short chapters in conclusion on the Commune and the foundation of the Third Republic.

The conclusion of Mr. Plamenatz' conscientious study is that the revolutionaries were never united, and that they never seriously tried to realise the Utopian dreams of their prophets and spokesmen; but that 'it was from them that they learned to consider the wealth of the few incompatible with the independence of the many, and to believe that justice is impossible without equality and equality without freedom'. And that is why, with our different political history and our different definition of those grand abstractions, we are still fellow-democrats with the French Republicans.

# The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rates (including postage): inland and overseas, £1. Shorter periods, pro rata. Postage for single copies of this number: inland and overseas, 1½d. Subscriptions should be sent to the B.B.C. Publications Offices, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or any newsagent

## A Television Landmark

**T**HE opening of the Wenvoe transmitter', as Mr. George Barnes, Director of Television Broadcasting, writes in *Radio Times*, 'completes the first stage of the B.B.C.'s plan to provide television throughout the United Kingdom'. It is to the credit of all concerned—not merely the B.B.C. engineers, but the Post Office engineers and the firms supplying the equipment—that in these days of rearmament the programme was completed on time. One thing remains to put the coping-stone on the edifice, that is the provision of the high-power transmitter at Wenvoe. Even as things are, from tomorrow some four-fifths of the population will be able, if it wishes, to see television programmes, and, as Mr. Barnes points out, that is a national coverage which is not equalled anywhere in the world, not even in the United States. Modesty hoods, to borrow a simile from nineteenth-century sea-bathing, are considered the proper wear for public corporations, but this surely is an achievement of which we may be proud. A chapter or, to be more precise, a volume, in the history of B.B.C. television progress is now closed. The next part of the story should be the installation of a number of low-power transmitters to extend the reception areas; for example, the area covered by Wenvoe, in South Wales, and the West Country, is to be widened by transmitters on Dartmoor and in the Isle of Wight: all these await the permission of Her Majesty's Government.

The Wenvoe transmitter, which is situated five miles west of Cardiff and is intended to serve both sides of the Bristol Channel, has its special problems. In the first place South Wales is hilly, and hills are disagreeable to viewing. An effort has been made to overcome this difficulty by erecting the transmitter 400 feet above sea-level and locating the aerials on top of a 750-foot mast. But with that degree of caution which is proper to engineers, we are informed that 'the range within which consistently good reception of the programme broadcast by Wenvoe can be expected depends upon many factors, the chief of these being the presence or absence of high ground between the station and the reception point, the height of the receiving aerial, and the amount of electrical interference'. So Jack and Jill may have to go up the hill for television as well as water, but we may safely assume that many more people will be able to see a great deal.

The second particular problem of Wenvoe is that the programmes must serve two areas with different tastes, which are met in sound broadcasting by the offerings of the Welsh and West of England Home Services. But there they are on a par with the other regions. At the moment Scots, Lancastrians, Yorkshiremen, Midlanders and the rest all have the same television programmes from London and the programme-planners have to try mainly to devise items of national rather than local appeal (not that localities are uncatered for). At any rate Scotland and Wales have begun to follow England into the television fold, and nobody is ignorant of the need to meet further their special desires and susceptibilities. Finally, it appears that the Wenvoe area will have to wait a little while until it can obtain its own mobile camera unit, which is promised for the end of the year; until then for outside programmes from the western area it will have to borrow units from elsewhere. But that is a relatively minor matter. These difficulties, which are frankly expounded and recognised, should not be allowed to dwarf the main point that tomorrow we shall be passing another landmark in the history of B.B.C. television.

## What They Are Saying

### Communists and the Olympic Games

THE INTRUSION OF SOVIET PROPAGANDA into two unpolitical international gatherings—the Red Cross conference at Toronto and the Olympic Games—was the subject of a good deal of comment last week. In regard to the Toronto conference, non-communist commentators in all countries deplored the attempts of the Communist delegations to turn the International Red Cross meeting into a platform for accusing the west of using germ warfare in Korea, and also their accusations that this universally respected humanitarian body was a tool of the west. The attitude of the Communist delegates was expressed in the following Chinese transmission:

The only conclusion one can draw from the International Red Cross conference is that those who controlled it left no stone unturned to obstruct the truth and violate the principles of humanitarianism. But they failed. On the contrary, they exposed themselves for what they are before the world.

Newspapers quoted from United States and Canada pointed out that the Chinese Communist delegation in particular had made itself ridiculous when its leader, Mrs. Li Teh-chuan, after distributing to the press 'evidence' that the Americans had used germ warfare and expressing the hope for an investigation by an impartial team, had replied—in answer to a reporter's question as to what she would consider to be an impartial team—that Dr. Endicott and the Dean of Canterbury would make such a team. The *Toronto Globe* commented:

An International Red Cross Conference is one place on earth where one might reasonably look for peace and harmony among men and women who disagree politically. But that was too much to expect where the Communists are concerned. To this meeting, whose one purpose is the relief of distress, the Russians, Chinese, and other Communist delegates brought along their customary sordid baggage of falsehood, boorishness, and invective. . . . To the aims of this conference they have contributed nothing. But at least they have given Canadians a close-up view of Moscow's disruptive techniques.

From India the *New Delhi Statesman* was quoted as expressing regret that the International Red Cross, which had done so much for humanising the conduct of war, should have been the subject of such an attack:

War, after a century of mitigation by the rule of civilised behaviour, is steadily growing more barbaric again. But now a formal seal is being set on the disregard, already dangerously apparent in practice, of probably the most important restraining influence—the Red Cross. And all this apparently for no more than a mere detail of communist propaganda policy.

During and immediately after the Olympic Games, western commentators expressed their gratification at the fine performance of the Soviet athletes, at the free spirit of friendship reigning between teams from both sides of the Iron Curtain, and at the fair Soviet reporting of results. Last week, however, Moscow radio introduced propaganda into this happy situation. A number of broadcasts accused western judges of having shown 'bias' and of having 'deliberately marked down a number of sportsmen from the U.S.S.R. and other countries'. These broadcasts also maintained that Soviet sportsmen had achieved 'first place' at the Games, having gained 494 points, as against the U.S.A.'s 490½ points. Two days later, however, Moscow transmitted an article by Romanov in the Soviet press stating:

The Soviet sportsmen scored 494 points, that is the highest number of points. As previously reported in the press, the U.S. sportsmen scored 490 points, but, according to more exact figures now available, they scored 494 points.

Moscow broadcasts also gave publicity to the 'peace' meeting on August 3 at Alppila Park in Finland, attended by, among others, Zatopek and 'a representative of the heroic youth of the struggling Korean people'; the latter renewed the germ warfare charges. From the U.S.A. the *San Francisco Chronicle*, after paying tribute to the greatness of Zatopek as a runner, was quoted for this comment on his speech at the 'peace' meeting:

But nothing whatever in any of the performances that gained him three Gold Medals qualified him as a political scientist or great scholar or philosopher, and his appearance in such a role adds nothing to his glory. . . . The Olympic flame that had burned so brightly above Helsinki was barely doused before Emil Zatopek was in front of a microphone making propaganda for the Russians.

# Did You Hear That?

## SALZBURG AND MOZART

SCOTT GODDARD, the music critic, described in the Home Service the scene at Salzburg where this year's Festival has now opened.

'On the left bank of the Salzach', he said, 'the river that flows through the town and provides fresh trout, is Mozart's birth-place. As far as I can see it in my mind's eye, it is a low rambling house, close to the theatre where his works are performed for festival visitors. In that house, which visitors to Salzburg look at with interest, and perhaps awe, Mozart lived with his astute old father, Leopold, and Anna, his sister, with whom he made music when they toured Europe, poor mites, as infant prodigies. It was to them he sent from Vienna news of the final break with the Prince-Archbishop, and later on he was to send his possessive parent the hardly less alarming news of his marriage. And by the time he died, young as he was, there remained only his "dearest, best sister", as he called her, to receive the bitter tidings. In the garden of the Kapuzinerberg, we festival visitors can see the rustic summer-house, small and intimate, where a man could be alone with his work—this summer-house transported from Vienna, where he wrote his last opera, "The Magic Flute". That is the sort of thing that Salzburg offers today, that close contact with Mozart's life.

'But besides being a place of pilgrimage where musical fare of a special quality may be had, Salzburg offers other things for our refreshment, things that are simpler, more everyday, or at least more mundane than the brilliant performances under great conductors. There are the trout, as I have said—either alive, as one catches glimpses of them in the Salzach, or on one's plate at supper. Then, at the foot of one of the hills that surround the town, the Gaisberg, there is or there was an inn where, sitting under the trees one could enjoy bilberries, and a sharp local wine. A funicular used to take you to the top—the descent you made rather unsteadily on your own.

'Or, farther out is St. Gilgen where Mozart's mother came from, and where his sister lived later on. The scenery is mountainous there in a gentle Austrian fashion, with woods and meadows of flowers. When I last went there it was by a small train which had carriages without any windows. You could sit on the running board, your legs brushed by the grasses and flowers that crowded to the very edge of the permanent way. At a corner of a high wood the line comes suddenly into the open, and there below is the deep blue of Mozart's Wolfgangsee. Anna, his sister, is no longer there: she went back to Salzburg more than 150 years ago to die, a widow and in poverty. We, too, go back there in the evening to hear her brother's music. Who says Salzburg says Mozart; who says Mozart says beauty—and thus the equation solves itself'.

## TWO KINDS OF CROOKS

ROBIN COCKBURN spoke recently about the making of shepherds' crooks, or 'stick dressing' as he called it, in a talk in 'The Eye-witness'.

'The term "stick dressing"', he said, 'is, strictly, misleading. It is one craft with two styles. Strictly, a stick, in that sense, is a long piece of hazelwood which comes up to about the waist and supports a

horn handle in the shape of a crook. In a stick the horn is often ornamenteally and beautifully carved, and the complete article is used as a walking stick and nothing else. But a shepherd's crook, again in the strict sense of the word, is a stick of similar length, but the horn must conform to certain traditional specifications; the most important is that the crook of the horn must be the width of a sheep's neck, for it is often used for securing purposes, and the width of a sheep's neck is roughly that of an average man's hand. That is the criterion by which they are judged at the Royal Highland Show competitions and elsewhere. And this, too, is an unbreakable rule: a shepherd's crook, horn, and stick must be free of any ornamentation. It can be a finely finished piece of workmanship, but it is still entirely functional.

'The ram, or tup as he is called in Scotland, whose horn is used, must be between four and five years old. The horn has to be of a tough constituency. A beast that is hand fed, as they so often are for show purposes, has a soft horn which cannot be satisfactorily made into the proper shape. It is, of course, only the hard tapering end—only about half the horn's full extent in fact—which is used. The sheep suffers in no way. Having his horns half cropped prevents him from damaging other sheep when he is doing battle with them; it makes him feel more comfortable, especially about the cheek and eyes.

'Having selected the horn it is steam heated and made pliable and shaped. When it is hard again it is filed down until the horn is the right breadth for a good grip; then it is scraped with glass and sand-papered

until it is smooth. The hazel shank is fitted into a hole bored in the horn at the thick end and is made to grip fast by no other form of glue than a boiled potato; the two pieces are then varnished with vinegar and flour. These sticks and crooks are exhibited, sold, even exported, and the price varies from £2 to £5; and there is keenness among stick dressers to win a prize at one of the many stick dressing competitions at which are displayed the products of this ancient craft'.

## AT THE THREE BALLS IN PARIS

Describing in the Home Service her stay with a friend in Paris, HONOR WYATT said: 'I was intrigued when my hostess asked me to go with her to a building named the Credit Municipal—the headquarters of the State pawning system. It was a lovely summer day, but Sylvie carried her husband's winter overcoat over her arm. "He won't be wanting it now till the autumn", she said as she rang the bell. It was a fine coat with thick fleecy lining. It seemed a pity to give it up, and I said so. But she only answered that they would take very good care of it here. The door opened with a faint buzz—that door-buzz which is one of the typical sounds of Paris!—and we left the bright Paris street with its smell of flowers and garlic and Gauloise cigarettes for a sunless courtyard with ferns and a thin plane tree strivng towards the sky. We entered a high, narrow room with a heavily railed counter, the kind one sees in banks and post offices, and several benches.

'Sylvie took her place in a queue at the counter and I managed to find a piece of unoccupied bench on which to wait for her. While waiting I reflected that though salaries in France seem rather high to



A photograph of Salzburg taken during one of the post-war Festivals

us, and rents rather low, the cost of living in most ways is so excessive that it all comes to the same in the end. While I had been thinking these thoughts a man behind the counter had been calling out numbers, summoning people from the benches. I now saw Sylvie handing over Armand's coat. She came towards me, with a ticket in her hand, and sat down. "What now?" I asked.

"The coat is being valued", she told me. "The valuer will offer me two-thirds of what he considers it is worth. If it is not enough, of course I shall not leave it. You see that man going out with a gramophone? I suppose it's not worth as much as he thought. After all you don't have to accept their offer. Nobody minds. Ah, Francine!", she greeted a friend who had just come in. "Ca va?" The friend came over to us and chatted for a moment.

He had brought a charming Sèvres teapot. "Mon petit trésor", she said rather sadly as she unwrapped it. "Oh never mind", Sylvie said, "It's much safer here. You know what you are for breaking things!"

"What's so nice", I remarked when the friend had joined the queue, "is the matter-of-factness of it all. Nobody minds. I wish we had this system at home".

Sylvie looked very surprised. "They do it in most European countries, I think, and there's a Credit Municipal in nearly all Paris districts. Oh! Did he say 496? That's my number".

A few minutes later she came back, radiant. "It's wonderful, they have offered much more than I thought. I shall retrieve Armand's signet ring that he left here before Christmas, and still have something left".

In the retrieving room Sylvie had once again to queue. She paid the sum for the ring she had deposited, plus a small interest, and was given another numbered ticket. And then, as we followed an arrow pointing to *Accueilements* Sylvie said, "It is strange that you don't have this system. Surely you need to raise the money sometimes?"

"It is different with us", I told her, "not so business-like".

The room for retrieved goods had more benches, more people waiting, another counter with a man behind it. Beside him was a service lift. From this, every few minutes, he took a heavily sealed parcel. I saw a well-dressed young man go up and watch the parcel being undone. It was a pair of mother-of-pearl opera glasses. "Yours, Monsieur?" The young man examined them, nodded and signed for them. Then there was a man for a camera, a girl for a leather handbag, a woman for a pressure cooker. And there was, I thought, rather a sad moment when a widow, shrouded in black, slipped a necklace and some bracelets into a silk purse. I asked how long one could leave things with the Credit Municipal. The answer was, fairly indefinitely, though you should renew your ticket every year. If you left it for three years without renewing the ticket the authorities would have the right to sell your goods".

#### ON BATHING AT BRIGHTON

The first man to investigate the question of sea bathing on any scale, said JAMES LANGHAM in a Home Service talk, 'was Dr. Russell, who went to live in Brighton in 1754. He saw the advantages of sea bathing and the drinking of sea-water for various diseases, and he wrote a *Dissertation on the Use of Sea-water*. Patients came to him from many parts of England. And the notion that sea-water had some strange and somewhat undefined qualities was beginning to spread, for in 1756 the following advertisement appeared in a London paper:

TO BE SOLD at the Talbot Inn, Southwark, Sea-water from Brighthelmstone in Sussex, took off the main ocean by T. Swaine.

A few years later, another enthusiast appeared on the scene. This was Dr. Awsiter who told his readers and his patients: "We should bathe when our stomachs are empty and our spirits calm", and that "sea-water united with milk becomes a noble medicine".

'At this time there were only about twelve bathing-machines on the beach of Brighthelmstone: six for ladies and another set for gentlemen, and we are told that "sea bathing from the machines, both at the East and West End of the Town, is particularly safe and pleasant—the Expense is 1s.". The bathing-machine was described as "a wooden box, about double the size of those of the sentries in St. James's Park. It is raised on high wooden wheels. The bather ascends into it from the beach by several wooden steps. The machine is then pushed forward into the sea, whilst the bather is preparing for the ablution. The guide waits on the middle of the steps to receive the bather; who, when dipt, re-ascends the machine, which is then dragged back again upon the beach".

But sea bathing was in full swing at many other seaside towns apart from the old Brighton. And most of these towns were fair game for the writers. Ramsgate, for example, was rather harshly criticised by a Mr. Spencer Thompson: "One facility is absent", he said, "privacy. How is it that amid the well-bred visitors of Ramsgate, both modesty and manners seem to be left at their lodgings, so that the bathers on the one hand and the line of lookers-on on the other, some with opera glasses or telescopes, seem to have no more sense of decency than so many South Sea Islanders?"

The painters of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries have also given us a good idea of what sea bathing was like. Many of these pictures make it perfectly clear that:

The ladies dressed in flannel cases Show nothing but their handsome faces

but this was not always true. In Rowlandson's "Summer Amusement at Margate", the ladies are tumbling about in shallow water in unashamed nakedness, and are being watched from shore by a bevy of leering old gallants, telescopes to eye. The bathing-machines are fitted with the modesty hoods which were invented by the Margate Quaker, Benjamin Beale. This hood was a canvas screen, or umbrella, attached to the back of the bathing machine, and furled up when not in use".

#### WOLVES AND WITCHES IN GERMANY

'Two characters from fairy-tale land', said DOUGLAS STUART, B.B.C. correspondent in Bonn, 'are roaming the Lüneburger Heide, the great heath lying between Hamburg and Hanover. They are wolves and witches, and not even the roar of British Centurion tanks, which use the heath as a training area, can scare them back into the books where they belong. Only the other day a peasant tracked a wolf into a copse on the edge of a British Army training ground. From a distance of 100 yards he took aim and shot the animal through the heart. When he came up to it he found that it measured over six feet from head to tail, and weighed nearly 100 lb. Another wolf was killed in the spring of this year, and a famous beast—the Butcher of Lichtenmoor—was killed after a strenuous hunt in August, 1948. It was held to be responsible for the death of fifty-eight cattle and nearly 100 sheep.

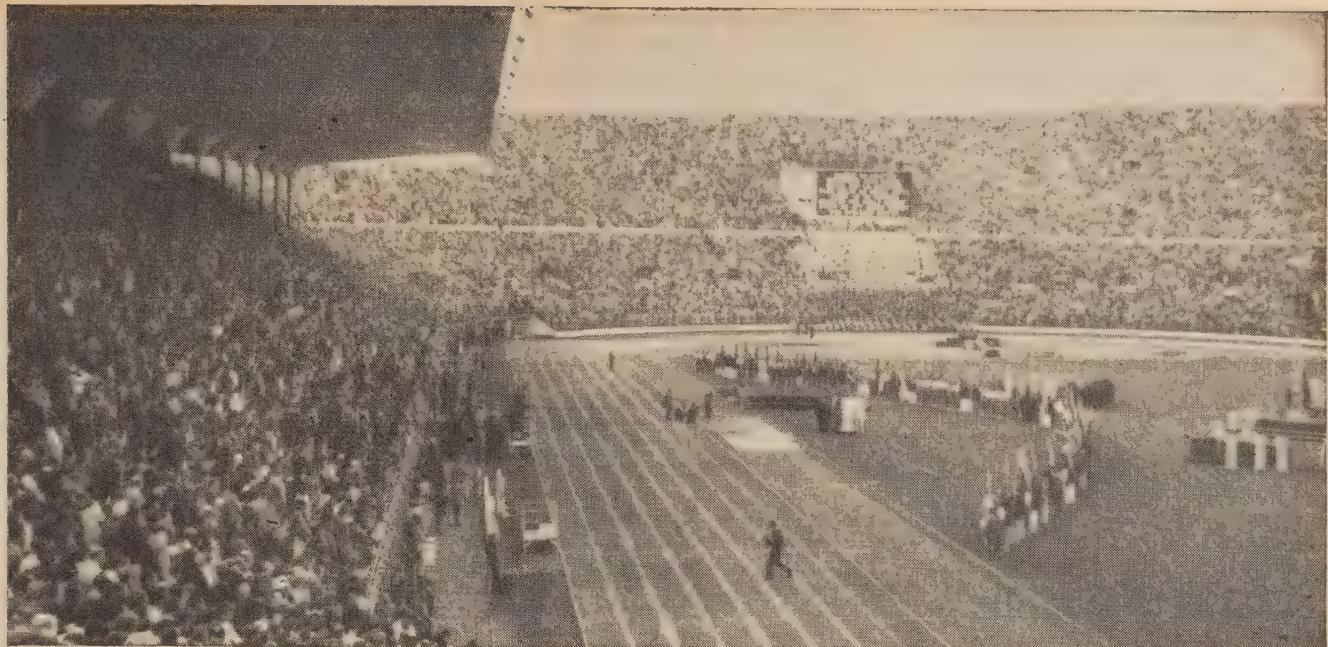
'But although the farmers and peasants on the heath are confident that they can hunt down and kill wolves, they do not know what to do about the witches. An expert on German folklore has just completed two years of research into popular superstitions concerning witchcraft on the Lüneburger Heide. The people on the heath gave him the names of over 100 witches. Of this number he found that the peasants believed only eighty to be "good" witches; the remainder, they said, were very definitely "bad". In many localities he found that rheumatism and arthritis were put down to the "evil eye" of some poor old woman who was trying to earn her living as the village charwoman. And so although the children in this part of Germany are cheerfully prepared to whistle "Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?", they are always polite to old ladies'.



Clara. "WHY, DEAR ME! WHAT DO YOU WEAR YOUR HAT IN THE WATER FOR?"  
Mrs. Walrus. "OH, I ALWAYS WEAR IT WHEN I BATHE; FOR THEN, YOU SEE, DEAR, NO ONE CAN RECOGNISE ME FROM THE BEACH!"

By permission of the Proprietors of 'Punch'

This mid-nineteenth-century 'Punch' cartoon, by John Leech, shows the modesty hood invented by the Margate Quaker, Benjamin Beale



Closing ceremony of the Olympic Games in the Stadium at Helsinki

## Reflections on the Olympic Games

By LORD BURGHLEY

THE Helsinki Games are over, and what a galaxy of sports we saw during those incredible days! The largest number of competitors that has ever taken part in the Olympic Games from some seventy countries have been participating in the eighteen sports. The Olympic Games are held once every four years to celebrate the Olympiad, and they are the climax of four years' intensive preparation by the cream of the sporting youth of the world. In 1948 they came back to London after an absence of forty years, and no one who saw them at the stadiums, on television, on films, or followed them on the radio and in the newspapers will ever forget those halcyon days.

As one who had something to do with the organisation of the Games here, I was naturally most interested to see how our friends in Finland would fare. Their organisation was absolutely first-class, not only in the arrangements for transport, and for the different stadiums, but also in the Olympic Villages, where the large numbers of competitors stayed so happily during those three weeks.

I think, if one had to describe the Helsinki Games shortly one would say they are 'Games of Records'. Although, naturally, with Germany and Japan taking part again and Russia also a competitor for the first time, we expected a number of new records to be set up, certainly, as far as the athletics are concerned I do

not think that the most optimistic expected the remarkable performances which have been achieved during the eight days of track and field athletics. It has not only been the winners who have beaten the Olympic records, and indeed in some cases world records, but also men and women who were not even in the first three. Without question the standard has been higher than ever before in the history of athletics in the world.

What of our own team? Some of you may have heard me prophesy before we left that we were taking out the strongest team which we have ever fielded. That prophecy has proved to be correct, even

though it has not resulted in our bringing home gold medals. In the equestrian events, however, there was a notable exception, for in the Prix des Nations, after the first round, we were lying but sixth—eleven points behind the leader. In the second round, however, over this gigantic course the seemingly impossible happened. Nizefella and Aherlow only made one mistake each, and the great Foxhunter jumped a clean round; and the coveted gold medal was ours.

Almost every one of our people has done better than he or she has ever done before in their various sports; and, in almost every athletic event, we have had one, and in some cases two, of our competitors finish in the first six. It is of interest to point out



In one of the Olympic Villages, Helsinki: a group of Belgian competitors

that, had the time which the winners produced in the various events in the London Games been the winners' times in Helsinki, we would have won no less than ten gold medals. This brings home to one more than anything else the enormous improvement that there has been in the standard of performances.

Many people must be wondering: 'Is there no end to this beating of records?' I think it was not unreasonable to expect that more would be beaten on this occasion than were beaten in London in 1948, because the London Games came very soon after the war; and, to produce these superlative times, it is necessary to have a great deal of very high-class competition. Now, seven years after the war, this has been fully available in the world, with the result that we have seen.

### Records that Become Normal Standards

As regards the future, I think that records will continue to be broken, perhaps not so much in the very short distances, but in the longer distances; although, as I say, it will not be such a frequent occurrence. It is a remarkable thing that the performances which are records in one Games frequently seem to become the normal standard for the finalists in four years' time, at the next Games. Many people are puzzled as to why this should be. I am not a doctor and I do not know the medical side, but it does seem that there are reserves of strength and endurance in the human frame which much competition with high-class competitors enables an individual to call forth. Furthermore, the tracks are plentiful, and much faster than they used to be years ago, and also there is a much greater interest throughout the world now in sport. There are no less than 900 tracks in Finland, with a population of about 4,000,000, whereas here in Great Britain we have only about 70 for a population of 50,000,000. I hope that some members of local authorities who have been backward in this matter will make a note of what is, after all, one of their responsibilities, namely to help to provide facilities for the recreation of the people, in the same way that the local authorities have done in Finland, in Sweden, and many other countries. Over 2,000 people can carry out their training in the course of a week on a track. But, as well as providing greater physical fitness and much pleasure, sport is one of the finest character formers in the world. Today leadership and citizens of the highest character are needed perhaps more than ever before. Here is a splendid opportunity for the local authorities to make a real contribution to the finest development of the coming generation. Coaching has improved enormously, too, and here we are all reaping the benefit, particularly in training our young men and women at the school-age level, so that they can develop the correct style to start with.

Another question which I am often asked is why some countries are better at certain events than others. Scandinavian countries seem to produce extra good middle- and long-distance runners, the U.S.A. produces athletes excelling at sprinting and middle-distance events. People also wonder why it is that so many coloured members of the various teams produce such outstanding results in the sprint and short-distance events. On the whole, the answer may mainly lie in temperament and environment. Certain temperaments seem to be better suited to sprinting and certain to long-distance running; and, naturally, the general temperament of a people will tend to produce greater interest, and therefore higher-class athletes, in those events which appeal to it.

Although athletics is admittedly the largest individual sport in the Olympic programme, there are seventeen others of great importance. Here, again, although we have not brought home the number of medals that we should have liked, our team has acquitted itself well. In the rowing, it is true that we did not win a medal but we were in no less than five of the six finals, which is far in excess of that achieved by anybody else. We got a bronze medal in the wrestling. We got some medals for swimming. We were third in the hockey. By and large, I think we can be satisfied that we have a very good all-round standard, and, incidentally, one of the things which is most encouraging for the future is that so many of our people who have done well are still very young, and will not reach their prime for another three or four years. This bodes well for 1956 in Melbourne. Not only will they be stronger, but also they will find their experience in these Games most useful.

If I may give an example of this in the sphere of running, it is a very different matter competing in an ordinary international or British championship, if you are a really high-class athlete, with perhaps one or two other men who alone can give you a race, to taking part in the Olympic Games, where you find yourself not only in the finals, but also in the semi-finals and heats, competing against a large number

of men who are almost, if not quite, as good as you are, and where the strategy of the race therefore becomes all important. Should you run outside and keep up near the front, which means perhaps six or seven yards further each lap? Or should you try to get through to the pole of the track probably some way back, at the risk of being boxed in near the finish, and also of being so far behind the leaders that when they move out they may be beyond striking distance? One lesson which became apparent to all our runners was that if you are not with the leading bunch all through the race, you have no chance of finishing in the first place.

The Games have been an undoubted success from every angle. As far as I know, apart from some criticism of the judging in certain events among the actual competitors, there was only one incident of a lost temper, in basketball, and I have no doubt that the two who were responsible have bitterly regretted it ever since. For the rest, these hundreds of races and contests which have taken place have been held in the most happy and sporting of spirits. Competitors have striven their hardest on the field, and when their event was over they have returned to the village, where they have intermingled with the competitors from many other countries, and, as a result, they have got to know one another, to respect and to like each other. I do not believe that there is a single one of them who has not gone home feeling that he is genuinely enriched by the privilege that he has had of competing in the Games.

In every corner of the world, literally hundreds of millions of people have been listening anxiously to all the results, and they too, I believe, have been fired with the spirit of this great festival of sport. The Games have been a glorious success, and we can say confidently that they have made a notable contribution to bringing the young people of the world closer together; and not only the young people, but the millions of the sporting public throughout the world. They will, I believe, go on from strength to strength, and at Melbourne in 1956 and at future Games not only will they continue to provide superlative performances but will play a significant part in creating that understanding and goodwill amongst mankind which is a true foundation-stone on which a lasting peace must be built.—*Home Service*

## Requiem for a Nervous Patient

Order a complete rest  
 For this one who took too many aspirin tablets.  
 Now that he is released  
 From the engine-haunted sky  
 Let the owl be night-nurse, the ironic rook be day-nurse  
 To this now perfect patient  
 Until he has altogether convalesced.  
 Let the considerate trees pronounce themselves softly,  
 The collected river ride soundlessly past,  
 While the stars re-assume his worried face, tangled nerves  
 Too long pulled and crossed  
 Between knowing what not to do, and not knowing what to do.  
 Trapped in the mirrored maze where right is wrong  
 And the light is glassed  
 In its empty image, despairing in the moment's choice  
 Of the meaning of a future past,  
 The brain grew to the maelstrom of all time.  
 The heart shook with the universe  
 And the hand reached for its own undoing  
 In the pattern of habit's force.  
 For the violence of the will in its weakness,  
 For this impatience,  
 Living too slow and too fast  
 Between the shiver of death and begetting,  
 Now it is outside itself  
 Let it judge and be judged inevitable absolution  
 In the pattern of habit forced  
 Towards suffering's choice,  
 Moving with the river's prayer to the shivering sea's unrest,  
 Without regret, without revolt, without insistence  
 Towards the inscrutable wish that watches and can wait  
 Even for so long as space is timed, and time is spaced.

DAVID PAUL

# On First Seeing the Pacific

The second of three talks by GEOFFREY GRIGSON on his travels in the U.S.A.

WHEN you reach San Francisco, you feel you have come through the endless tunnel of American urbanism and complication into the light. Behind you, at last, is the whole wearisome continent, the endlessness of prospect, the extents of fertility or barrenness. I had come through winter in Chicago, winter in the Rocky Mountains, by ski slopes, through the Sierra Nevada where all the pines were heavy with snow, then past the first Californian orange trees, olive, and eucalyptus, under a sky which had suddenly become normal to a European, filled as it was with sunlight and rain clouds. Flat, green meadows around Sacramento, then rolling hills like the chalk edges of Dorset, a last unpleasant dose of urbanism as the train slowed down through the streets and warehouses of Oakland, and I was ejected into the sun and the sea air when the train reached San Francisco Bay and could go no further.

Across the bay was the city, the sunlight above it making ladders out of a hugeness of cloud. But the bay is not the Pacific, which is out of sight, round corners. The ferry boat shifts you across, parallel with the world's longest suspension bridge, but from down-town San Francisco it takes you a while to penetrate to the ultimate selvage of the continent of North America. Let me repeat that the spiritual thermometer rises with a jerk in San Francisco. The sun shines, and shines warmly. It is no longer, if you arrive in November or December, the season of death. Under Union Square there may be a four-storey, sub-surface garage, but the palms, the flowers, the grass above it are excessively brilliant.

Chinatown may seem a fraud, insomuch as juke boxes go with crispy noodles and you can hear, in the Jade Palace, Andy Yuke at the Hammond. Still, the houses are painted green for long life and red for vitality. The Chinese of San Francisco point to the orient, as the Irish of New England point back to the west. And in San Francisco you can buy, at last, unstandardised and peculiar objects—not only paper dragons but burls from the redwood trees which send up green shoots if you damp them, and dry, desert plants in cellophane which spread to green life in a bowl of water. The hills go up and the hills go down, which is a change after most American cities of the flat; and somewhere nearby is the Pacific. True that more than 3,000,000 people live in the Bay region, but they press upon you in this vivid air without so much stifling intensity.

El Mar Pacifico; I came to it by street car, unlike Balboa in 1513. I came to Lincoln Park, near the art gallery which is called the California Palace of the Legion of Honour, and which I was glad to



San Francisco, with the Golden Gate Bridge in the background

find had the poorest collection of pictures, so that it did not interfere with the splendour of the ocean and of the Golden Gate of tawny cliffs opening into the blue water. How have you thought of the Pacific? As blue? Always blue? It was blue on this November morning of Thanksgiving Day, it was utterly pacific, as when Magellan first sailed over it and named it. On the other side of the continent, the junction of Atlantic and America is disappointing. There seems no reason why the Atlantic should end and the continent begin. The ice-polished rocks of New England are only a foot or two above the water, and they

degrade the Atlantic. There America begins with a whimper. Here America ends with height, cliff, rock, colour, and determination.

The Pacific Ocean is, so we are told by geographers, 'the largest division of the hydro-sphere'. This morning the largest division of the hydro-sphere moved calmly away westward, if you know what I mean, towards the east, unmarked by a ship, a funnel, a plume of smoke. In the park was an oceanic golf-course, and along the golf-course were eucalyptus trees. Never in my eyes had the action of driving or putting appeared more exquisite, never had the colour of jackets or slacks appeared more alive, never had a golf ball on grass, a white dot upon mineral green, looked so full of a lively importance.

I did not count this altogether to be seeing or contemplating the Pacific, which was too far below. I calculated it must properly be seen, felt, tasted, and known for the first time, stretching towards Asia, on the long extent of Ocean Beach; and Ocean Beach could best be gained by walking a street or two (different streets of verdure and cleanliness) into Golden Gate Park, and then through the park to the fringe of the Pacific. I should walk by this way to the beach, and there I should watch the sun drop out of the blameless sky into this new ocean. A good choice. Golden Gate Park is a triumph of glades and gardens. I walked over its mineral turf, frightening away fat American robins, I walked through the Fuchsia Garden where all the many-coloured fuchsias were still in blossom and the humming birds, the first I had ever seen, were chittering, whizzing, and humming, and hanging in front of the blossoms.

Less pleasant things lay behind me even in this city. I had to listen to the chairman of the Regents of the University of California, less pleasant than a humming bird, as he addressed a club on loyalty oaths and university professors, an attorney whose style of address and denunciation made me think of Judge Jeffreys or the invective of Coke at the trial of Sir Walter Raleigh when he told Raleigh that he had an English face but a Spanish heart. The professors had won their fight,

but they had to be called campus politicians, to be denounced for thinking that there was a limit to the omniscience of attorneys and business men who control universities and for suggesting that principles exist, and to be contrasted with loyal, modest Americans who had nothing to do with un-American insubordination.

From coast to coast I had met a good deal of that phase of witch-hunting and McCarthyism which can give you the shivers in today's America, but here in California, in San Francisco, by the Pacific, though its peaceful waters led to Pearl Harbour and lead to Korea, and here in Golden Gate Park, I could believe in America as an 'advance copy of a future world order, however'—I am quoting an English observer of the States—'fragmentary, most imperfect, and in some respects, grotesque'. Along the path towards Ocean Beach the ground was carpeted with a delicious weed, an immigrant strawberry with yellow flowers cupped between a ruff of leaves, each flower turning into an upright berry, vivid and polished with health. The taste and freshness of California air were tinged with the scent of Monterey Pines.

Then the sandhills stooped to the beach, and to the Pacific, which curled on to the sand for mile after mile. I do not know what I expected—strange shells, pink cowries (there was hardly a shell about), strange stranded fish (there were tins and pieces of driftwood), strange ocean flowers (there were only long, hollow hawsers of seaweed ending in gourds or bottles). No, the Pacific had not washed in its oriental peculiarities. But here was the long beach, smooth, deserted, with hardly a footprint except my own. It was the limit of my American adventure. You may know a celebrated American primitive, a landscape or seascape of the 1860s—it has often been reproduced—in which a small, bearded, hatted figure with his arms folded contemplates a sunlit ocean curling opposite him and beyond him on to an infinite beach. It was hard in this loneliness, with the Pacific in front, and with 3,000,000 people behind, and another 150,000,000 behind them, not to feel like the figure in that painting. I contemplated the Pacific, I put my finger in it as it ran up the sand, and licked it, and tasted it.

I waited for the sun to drop behind it towards China, expecting

some extra extravagance of colour, some shooting up, perhaps, of a Green Ray after the sun was below the oceanic horizon. In broadcasting, I am told, though I do not believe it, descriptions of colour cannot be conveyed, but I shall try to convey some of the colours of this moment at this edge of the Pacific. The sea, as it became thin and spread over the sand, was pink fringed with blue. The sun went lower, yellow came into the sky. The more distant Pacific was silver-blue, the nearer Pacific was blue and purple—the wine-dark sea—there was purple foam on top of the waves. The nearest Pacific was yellow, pink, and blue. Silver-blue, wine, yellow, pink, blue: an iridescence from the deep sea to the running lace up the wet sand; colour, too, spreading from the water to the sand itself. Also, from where I contemplated the Pacific, I could still see the cliffs and mountains on the other side of the Golden Gate. Red and gold in the morning, they had changed to claret.

I watched the sun drop behind the edge, but I was given no Green Ray, nothing in fact but anticlimax. Someone switched off the lights, the jellyfish colours went out, the cliffs did an abrupt change from claret to violet and then to grey; and the show was done. And rather better that way, theatrically, the last scene and then the drop curtain of an oceanic opera.

I turned and began to walk back towards London Airport and Piccadilly Circus, past the dark ponds of Golden Gate Park, and an enclosure where buffaloes were grazing, to the street car which took me to down-town San Francisco and to a Thanksgiving Day dinner. After the turkey and sweet potatoes, my host and I spent some time making sure of the kind of humming bird I had seen among the fuchsias and the kind of strawberry I had picked in fruit and flower by the path. Between the two of them, this Red Anna and this *Fragaria indica* or *Duchesnia indica*, or mock-strawberry, were my terrestrial symbols of the end of America and the beginning of El Mar Pacifico. I never saw the Pacific again during my stay in San Francisco or in California, though I contemplated the yellow flowers in a hotel tooth-glass until the petals dropped off, and the vivid and healthy glittering strawberry.—*Third Programme*

## A Journey Home

By PETER ABRAHAMS

**A** MAN makes many journeys during his life. Some are straightforward, uncomplicated journeys, or are journeys with straightforward complications. Others have all the compulsive qualities that make a man feel he has no choice in the matter, that, whether he wants to or not, he must make the journey or something in him would die. My return to Johannesburg had this compulsive, challenging quality about it. I had to go or, for the rest of my life, be uncertain of many things and certain only of my own cowardice. And so, after an absence of fourteen years, I returned to my youth, to Johannesburg where I was born, and more particularly to the non-European quarters of that city.

The aeroplane door opened. People began to move out. Through the little window I saw crowds who had come to meet their friends on this bright Sunday afternoon. Would my mother and sister be there? I wished suddenly they would not. That would give me just a little time. As they passed the hostess and stewards at the door, people exchanged pleasantries and farewells. These three had fed and looked after us on the long journey. A kind of intimacy had grown up between us, the passengers, and them. Better get up, I told myself. I felt heavy. Why so depressed, boy? You are back home. . . .

Home? No. Home is a small house in Essex. And when I sit working I can turn my head and look out on a green curving hill that is a sea of grass: home is my wife and children: home is that strange inner peace I have found under an English sky, or for that matter, on an English underground train in the rush hour. I got up and walked to the door. The hostess and stewards looked at the floor. No pleasantries or farewells passed between us. I was frankly afraid as I went down the steps. It was, of course, this fear, and the knowledge that I was afraid, that had, among other things, impelled me to make this journey. Who was the black poet who said:

'Go through the gates with closed eyes  
Stand erect and let your black face front the west?'

I went through, but with open eyes. Immigration made me wait till the last, but that was part of the journey, part of the adventure in self-examination, part of the challenge I had come to face. The official looked at the form I had filled in, then up at me.

'You say here you speak Afrikaans', he said in that language.

'Yes', I said.

'You've been away a long time', he said.

'Would you forget your language in that time?' I asked.

'Is it yours?'

'I was born to it', I said.

His face relaxed into a sudden smile of friendliness. I had, I realised, touched one of the strongest emotional causes of Afrikaner nationalism: their fierce pride in their language. Pride in their language, pride in their history and their 'pure blood'—these are their principal weapons in fighting the strange complex from which they suffer in their dealings with the English-speaking whites of their country. I felt a sudden sympathy for the man in front of me. He stamped my United Kingdom passport.

'Let him through', he called in Afrikaans to the luggage examiners. Two young continental Jews with no Afrikaans and a very limited knowledge of English had to make way for me, and I was given last-minute priority because I spoke Afrikaans and probably because they were Jews. My baggage was not opened, perhaps because I spoke Afrikaans. I walked out of the customs shed, back to the haunts of my childhood and youth.

In fourteen years away from that place, and in a kinder and more tolerant climate of human relations, I had, I hoped, lost all my racial feelings and attitudes. I had striven for a transcendent view of the problems of human relations in a multi-racial society. And I believed I had achieved that view. I thought I could, now, look at the problems as a human being, a man, first, and only incidentally as a coloured man. This theoretical freedom from racial attitudes had led me on to believing

that if the position in South Africa were reversed, if a small black minority were in a position of domination over a large white majority, I would, in exactly the same way, fight for the white majority. I would do so not because my skin happened to be pink or brown or black, but because racialism is negative and destructive and evil and morally insupportable. It can be very comforting to believe this. It can invest the believer with the 'holier-than-thou' attitude. It can be a form of smug moral self-righteousness. Or it can be an optimistic and escapist lie, part of the trick of building intellectual defences against the ugly realities of one's day. It could have been all these things with me. Was it, in fact?

### Starting Point

That question was the starting point of my journey. Fourteen years earlier I had left Johannesburg, seething with bitterness, hate, and self-pity. A year later I had left the country. I hated the whites, for they symbolised the country and what it had done to me. They were the people in power. All privilege and good fortune was with them. They ate well, and I and mine ate badly: their children were assured schooling by law, those of us who got it did so by accident, luck, sweat, or charity: their homes were fine and clean and rich, ours were ugly and dirty and poor: the whites lived in the sun and we, in a sunny land, lived in the shadows. The whites had called me 'black bastard' to my face. I had not dared to call them 'white bastards' to theirs. But how I had thought it! And how the thought had grown! And because it was a thought without an outlet it had grown into an obsession. In the end prejudice was met with prejudice, hate was met with an equally violent hatred. And I had nursed a black pride, a black exclusiveness, to match white pride and white exclusiveness. I had become the symbol of one group attitude as opposed to another. The communists, in those days, had been the only people who offered the kind of friendship that was acceptable—the friendship that acknowledged my need to be accepted as a complete social equal.

Now, fourteen years later, as I left the customs shed, it was again a white 'ex-communist' who had come to the airport with my black friends to welcome and drive me into Johannesburg. The communists still offered friendship and equality. If western democracy loses the friendship and trust of black Africa, it will do so because it has ceased to take account of the basic human need for personal dignity and self-respect. And the communists, who do not really believe in that need, will ride to triumph on it. The communist took me to his home, laid on a bath and tea, had some friends in to welcome me back, and later drove me to my family in coloured Kliptown. And there, in a dirty, dusty street, we stopped in front of a house with a rusty gate and overgrown hedge. I got out of the car and saw my mother, a dark little woman, at the door. I had dreaded this moment. It had been foolish to do so, for in my years away I had almost forgotten the uninhibited spontaneity with which the dark folk of that land show their feelings. I stood, distraught and uncertain. My mother cried out; then she and my plump jovial sister rushed at me and smothered away all my inhibitions.

In the days and weeks that followed I went back to many places: to Vrededorp, that dark pool of slum life into which I was born. I wandered about its streets and watched ragged urchins play as I had once played with my gang; I watched them thieving fruit from barrows, begging for coppers or cigarettes, defying traffic. All this my gang and I had once done. I went to Malay Camp and saw the same things. I wandered among the mine dumps and across the Ottoman's Valley and watched boys play the many dangerous games we had played: there were stick fights and stone fights; and they swam in the foul water that was pumped up from the mines. In my youth many had died in these waters. I asked and was told that many still died. But these boys seemed more worldly wise than we had been as boys. Drabness, dirt, disease, and want were the fairies at their birth; their eyes were not made of stars, and their ragged shirts were not rainbow cloaks. But then, perhaps mine had never seemed so either, to other people.

### 'White Kaffirs'

In the streets of white Vrededorp, white Braamfontein, Jeppe and Fordsburg, I saw more poor whites than there had been in the days of my youth. I saw scruffy, ragged, barefooted children, and grown-ups who were not much better. An Afrikaner named them for me. He called them '*wit Kaffirs*', white Kaffirs. And when I left the cities and travelled about the countryside I came across large numbers of

these white Kaffirs. They are the most violent racialists in that racialist land. I commented on them to a group of Africans. A grizzly, old, one-eyed parson said: 'In trying to keep us in the mud, the whites are fast slipping into it themselves'. Everywhere in the land I found evidence of this slipping. I should not be surprised if there are, proportionately, as many white frustrated hooligans and criminals as there are black. The mud of human rot is no respecter of colour.

One incident, slight in itself but profound in terms of its human implications, illustrates an aspect of the problem I had come to face. One night I worked late at the office of the Johannesburg paper that was my host for office purposes. This was a 'non-European' paper housed in the building of a 'European' paper. The rest of the staff had gone. I went upstairs to the lavatory in the European part as the non-European part had none of its own. As I came out, the night-watchman saw me. He rushed to me. 'What the hell d'you think you're doing in a European lavatory! Too many of you black sons of bitches are getting too big for your damn boots!' He raved on, and while he raved I leaned against the wall feeling curiously calm and cold, waiting for him to finish. I saw that he was possessed of a sudden impulse to strike me. This was one of the things I had dreaded: not so much being struck as my response to it, and the consequences that would follow. Now, I felt that he was the victim, not I: the tragedy was his, not mine. His words trailed off. His voice became uncertain. I found myself smiling. This infuriated him. He tried to work up his rage again but it was unconvincing and he knew I knew it. Somehow, we had made contact, as two men. I straightened up and moved forward. He made way for me. His unconvincing voice followed me down the stairs. But really I had been lucky. This man still had a living conscience. It could have been someone who had not, and then this story would have been different.

Long ago, before my journey to Europe, this had happened to me often in different shapes and forms. And each time my will had been crushed, my spirit trodden on. In my heart and mind I had accepted the humiliation and it had overwhelmed me and made me helpless. I still hated the experience bitterly, but now it was a hate that was different from my hatred of the past. It was hatred directed at what the man with the white face had done, but not at his white face. And because it was that, it was free of that morally corrupting effect it had had in the past. I felt clean, or as clean as a man can feel who had touched dirt. I felt certain, after this incident, that never again could the mongers of race hatred compel me to a counter-attitude of race hatred. It was not simply an intellectual resolution any more. It was reality, played out on my pulses. This knowledge brought comfort. Now it was possible to go forward and grapple with new frontiers of fear.

### The Return Ticket

But it was still all too easy because in many ways mine was a trick situation, a novelist's creation. I had a return ticket to Europe, and the freedom of that little house in Essex. I had the comforting knowledge that the eyes of good friends were on me on this journey. All this made escape possible when the pressures of the situation became too much for me. But what if I had to stay in South Africa for the rest of my life? Would I, after endless years under the shadow of the colour bar, still speak as I am now speaking? Would I be able to divorce the white face of the white man from the mountain of hurt and insult he will have heaped on me in that time? Would I still be able to comprehend his humanity with the necessary sympathy which makes creative thinking and living possible? I honestly do not think so. I think that in a very short time each small experience of deliberate insult and humiliation, each minute detail of denial and degradation—all the torturing little things that are the common lot of all non-whites in South Africa today—would pile up till I finally slipped into a black racialism to counter white racialism. The white man would become, in my mind, as much of a monster as I am in his: and together, denying the humanity of each other, we would rush down the dark road to violence and destruction. That is the tragedy.

In South Africa today it is almost impossible for black and white to come together even to discuss common problems. The mental attitudes, in step with the racial laws, have hardened. *Apartheid*, group areas, mixed marriages and all the other laws compress the individual into racial compartments. And each group exercises a harsh tyranny on the individual who refuses to conform. And above the tyrannical groups stand the new laws, dedicated to race hatred. A by-product of this state of affairs is the almost complete impossibility of genuine and

sincere friendship between a white and non-white individual. The missionary colleges and institutions were the only places where I still found black and white trying to get together. And 'Nusas'—the National Union of South African Students—and the young men and women of Cape Town and Johannesburg Universities are also putting up a limited but heroic fight against racial prejudice. But these are oases in a desert of prejudice, not powerful enough to help me keep my racial sanity if I were condemned to spend the rest of my life in South Africa. So I had to admit that in a very few years I would, in spite of myself, adopt the racial attitudes of a black extremist. A man is only as free as the climate in which he lives and works and learns to love and play.

And so, as in most such journeys, I came away without having

resolved anything finally on the personal and subjective level. But I was grateful for little things. I had gone out and faced my fears, and I had held on to myself in the moments of crisis. But there was always that return ticket, and that made me humble. I listened and talked with a new humility to my black extremist compatriots. They were a mirror of the self I had escaped, the self I could still so easily be but for that return ticket.

As the aircraft dipped over Pretoria the sun streamed in through the little window. I tried to take stock. When I looked out again, the Limpopo was below us: then it was behind. I looked up. A smiling steward stood over me. I recognised him.

'You came down with us—sir?'

We had left the dark land.—*Third Programme*

## Partnership in Africa—VI

# The Scope of Partnership

By KENNETH KIRKWOOD

THE spirit which lies behind the change in British terminology from trusteeship to partnership is real enough. I think its widespread emergence in recent years was one of the natural consequences of a world war in which British men and women of different tongues, traditions, and colours shared risks and rewards to defeat the doctrine of the Herrenvolk. I make this point first because Professor Arthur Lewis, in his talk in this series, views the transition from trusteeship to partnership with strong suspicion and suggests that it smacks of fraud.

Lord Hailey, in his talk, also examined this transition from a different, and more positive, viewpoint, and he placed trusteeship and partnership in their historical perspective. But neither speaker made clear that these terms are not necessarily mutually exclusive, and that the preservation of external trusteeship and the promotion of internal partnership can be concurrent processes. It is evident that 'trusteeship' survives under the United Nations, and its acceptance by the signatories of the Charter indicates that it possesses international significance, and, presumably, that it still has meaning for the United Kingdom government. The very fact that colonies exist indicates that trusteeship, or a parent-ward relationship, persists between the mother country and the colonial territories.

In this series, where attention has mainly focussed on the plural societies of British Africa, I think it specially important to distinguish between external and internal relationships for I believe that a strong case exists for the continuance of United Kingdom trusteeship, at least until the peoples of the multi-racial societies have proved that they are well advanced on the road to genuine partnership, a development which is going to take many years. At the outset I would also say that as a native of Africa, even if a European one, I reject Professor Lewis' apparent plea for *apartheid* on a continental scale just as I reject *apartheid* within any of the individual countries of Africa. Racism in any form is negative and defeatist, and there is already sufficient evidence in Africa, from south to north, to show that peoples of different race and culture can live together and work together as partners, and that they can all profit from their association. At the same time, I know that too many of Professor Lewis' criticisms of Europeans in Africa are justified and I sympathise with his fears about the possible use of 'partnership' as a cloak to cover practices which both he and I regard as abhorrent. For that reason I think that Lord Hailey went to the heart of the matter when he stressed the need to give Africans a sincere demonstration that partnership offers them some real responsibility immediately and the guarantee of further avenues of achievement in the future.

In characteristic fashion, the British government has issued no detailed, official definition of partnership and it may be that its meaning, like that of trusteeship and paramountcy, will be left, in the hope that it will become apparent over the years when concrete problems have demanded practical solutions. Today, political leaders frequently tuck the word into their speeches and make general references to economic and political partnership, but they are exceedingly vague about the precise meaning of the term in relation to concrete situations;

they also tend to shy away from even the vaguest references to social partnership. But in the face of the dangerous reality of human relationships and attitudes in Africa no bald slogans nor any general statements can suffice.

Side by side with general references to partnership there is also much talk of safeguarding certain established rights of Africans. Although such safeguards are important there is the real danger that their very entrenchment may lead to the petrification of a *status quo* which many Africans legitimately question or reject. If partnership is to be translated into a living reality it is essential that these safeguards be recognised for what they are: a basis, only, for a dynamic policy, for a progressive extension of rights which will depend on the race attitudes of the present and prospective partners. It is also necessary to point to the eager manner in which the Europeans of Africa have grasped the idea of senior-junior partnership. The obvious danger here is that this kind of partnership, if applied, may scarcely differ from the former policy of internal trusteeship which permitted Europeans, as such, to secure a privileged and dominant position.

The central weakness of most statements on partnership is that they are the product of 'mass' thinking, and there is an uncritical acceptance of the fact that racial origin or colour will determine whether any individual will be a senior or junior partner. It has been apparent for many years in Africa that the distribution of general and specific abilities and skills among the different peoples does not correspond with pigmentation; the steady increase in the number of African graduates from universities in South Africa is but one index of this fact. If partnership is to succeed it is obvious that it must be made possible for experienced and qualified Africans, Indians, and other non-white individuals to be full partners with equally experienced and qualified Europeans.

In South Africa today there are African, Coloured, and Indian statesmen who could form an able Cabinet, which would be non-racial in outlook; but there are as yet far too few trained men to staff the country's other essential services on a partnership basis. In the plural societies north of the Union there are relatively even fewer educated Africans. But a realistic approach to partnership also demands that there be an understanding of the difficulties in effecting changes in the attitudes of individuals and groups who have long been accustomed to enjoying a privileged position, and who have, incidentally, made a real contribution to the development of the continent. Europeans can scarcely be expected to be enthusiastic about the prospect of change, but if there is to be peace in Africa then the need for change must be posed frankly and acted upon immediately. There is no doubt that the main responsibility for the successful translation of partnership from theory into practice is that of the dominant Europeans.

What would a move to partnership entail? What do we mean by 'full partnership'? The simplest way to put it, I think, is that it can only mean granting to the African the opportunity for equality in *every* sphere of life. Anything short of that, equality and co-operation in some spheres and not in others, defeats the purpose of partnership, which is mutual profit and mutual risks; and by the frustration it

creates, destroys the spirit. To illustrate the scope of partnership as I see it I shall take examples of real problems as they affect real people. Only people can be partners, and the psychological aspect of partnership is crucial.

Let us look, first, at rights relating to two factors of production: land and labour. There are still differences in outlook on land tenure between western Europeans and tribal Africans, but there is a growing number of educated Africans who want the security of western forms of tenure and who want freedom to select and purchase land on the same terms as Europeans. These Africans strongly resent the existence of discriminatory laws which enforce a policy of territorial segregation in rural and urban areas of southern Africa, and they object to the broadly comparable laws and social conventions which lead to much the same result in the other plural societies of east and central Africa. Westernised urban Africans will often say that they have no real desire to live alongside Europeans and that they believe that a pattern of voluntary segregation will emerge, but they do, none the less, insist that the practice of confining them to segregated areas selected by their European fellow-townsmen must stop. The direct effects of restriction are plain, but let me illustrate the important indirect effect of racial land laws by one particular case from many that I have recorded.

The man was an able and experienced African medical orderly employed at a rural clinic in Southern Rhodesia. He wanted to stay in his job and to retire eventually to the city of Salisbury, where other members of his family lived and where he thought there were better prospects for his children's schooling and employment. But there was little or no hope of his getting secure tenure of an urban property, and the imminent introduction of a new law regulating land occupation in the Native Reserves demanded that he should seriously consider resigning his post in order to stake a claim to a piece of land and proceed to live as a farmer of sorts in the tribal area in which he was born. The economic aspect of this case is obvious; the Rhodesian government is aware of the need to try to make it possible for stable African family and community life to develop in both town and country. But this man's dilemma and his deep-rooted sense of insecurity were very real and were caused fundamentally by the existence of segregatory laws. There are Europeans who argue that equitable segregation is desirable and practicable, but experience lends little support to this opinion. Understandably, the dictates of short-term self-interest have largely governed the behaviour of the dominant white minority in their application of the segregation policy.

### Joseph the Carpenter

It seems to me important that those who can make best use of any land, town or country, should be on it, and the same applies to jobs. This is something that is accepted as self-evident in all societies except those where deep-seated prejudices befuddle honest or economic thinking. Nowhere is this more evident than in those plural societies north and south of the Zambezi where European artisans have succeeded in securing for themselves skilled work of various kinds and where Africans are relegated to unskilled or semi-skilled work at much lower wage rates. Here I think of my friend Joseph, the carpenter, who is at present reading in his spare time for an Arts degree in South Africa; this may sound like progress, but Joseph is a highly skilled carpenter and he makes no secret that he would rather be working as a craftsman, at full journeyman rates, than acquiring a degree by dint of working as a handyman in an African hospital.

Industrial colour bars have the effect of creating curiously unbalanced communities. In South Africa, for example, we now have a fair number of African doctors, teachers, and other professional men; a professional class, and then a class of semi- or unskilled workers—nothing in between. Headmasters of African schools who see their craft classes shrink through lack of employment opportunities sometimes despair as they watch unsuitable boys and girls compete for the pathetically few medical scholarships which are available. It was with rather caustic humour that an African headmaster told me he maintains his craft-training centre principally for the European visitors who prefer to see Africans 'working with their hands and not getting ideas'. Boris Gussman, in his talk in this series, directed attention to the social cost of the evil which accumulates where youths as well as men decay, and he revealed the low productivity, inadequate earnings, and low purchasing power to which discriminatory prac-

tices lead in plural societies. The measures which create the present drastic unbalance in African society certainly do not benefit the whites; in fact they harm the whole society.

What about the political field? It is not easy to devise satisfactory political institutions for plural societies, it needs constant thought and courageous experiment in local as well as central government. Colin Legum, in his talk, made clear the need to develop institutions for partnership where peoples of different race can work with each other. Is a common voters' roll the answer? I am sure it is part of the answer, yet the existence of a common roll by itself can do little to bring about partnership in the political sphere. It is important that the old Cape colonial common franchise principle has survived in Southern Rhodesia but its value is potential; it will be real only when African voters are welcomed into any political party of their choice and are free to attend meetings and share views on common problems with their fellow citizens.

### 'Vote Virtually Meaningless'

A number of Africans with the requisite franchise qualifications who had been enrolled in the past, have told me that although they recognise the importance of the vote they can take little interest in national as opposed to exclusively African politics while strict social segregation persists. A responsible African leader who travelled with me to England said that he had cast his vote on one occasion, but lack of opportunity to listen to rival candidates in subsequent elections or to participate in other ways had made him feel that his vote was virtually meaningless.

I have touched on aspects of what I see as certain prerequisites for economic and political partnership. The social implications of what has been said are perhaps apparent. I believe that they are the fundamental basis of partnership. I have already commented on the fact that most statements on partnership avoid reference to the social side, and there are even politicians in Central African parties pledged to partnership who extol what they call the high ideal of social segregation. The belief that there can be economic and political partnership without social partnership is illusory. E. M. Forster struck to the root of the matter in his sensitive and compelling picture of the uneasy personal, as opposed to professional, relationships between Indians and Britons under the Raj. In the hands of snobs and fools exclusive social institutions can be highly dangerous, and it is impossible to think of people of different race becoming partners when they cannot share their leisure. Social partnership hardly exists in Africa; it is only to be found on some mission stations, in some churches, and in a few secular non-racial associations. Under such conditions, which are defended by whites, it is absurd to think of partnership.

It is, of course, true that the first Watussi have yet to jump at the Olympic Games and the first Barotse to enter an eight at Henley, and it is possible that in the conditions of Africa most groups will prefer their traditional recreations, or prefer to have their own clubs, but it is essential that this should rest on a voluntary basis and not on explicit or subtle colour bars.

There is also the question about miscegenation, which is so frequently asked in Africa by those who oppose the extension of rights to non-whites on the ground that it will lead to intermarriage or illicit sexual intimacy. Sir James Rose-Innes, a former Chief Justice of South Africa, had a great deal of local evidence to support his view that illicit sexual intimacy between races always flourishes under slavery but tends to disappear when both parties are free. As far as marriage is concerned it is, after all, a purely voluntary affair between two people; it seems to me much more important to try to guarantee that our descendants have civilised values than to waste energy in attempts to ensure that they will have brown or white surfaces. I wonder whether our grandchildren will be immune from the fears which are at present evoked in Africa by the gloomy social-biological speculations of our negrophobe politicians.

### Preparing the People for Partnership

I have tried to outline the scope of partnership, to outline some of the urgent problems, and to show how none can be considered in isolation. The question remains: Will the reforms required for partnership come of their own? The answer is 'No'. When the Union of South Africa was founded early in the twentieth century, it was taken for granted that if the political and economic institutions were reason-

(continued on page 270)

## NEWS DIARY

August 6-12

## Wednesday, August 6

Food Trade Wages Council reaffirms proposals for wage increases.

Agricultural Wages Board for England and Wales confirms increases for adult workers

Minister of Housing reports progress in programme for first half of year

Heavy rainstorms dislocate transport in the London area

## Thursday, August 7

First meeting of Pacific Defence Council is concluded at Honolulu

President Truman makes statement on rising prices in the United States

Persian Lower House passes Bill to free alleged assassin of General Razmara

## Friday, August 8

Persian Government sends new Note on oil dispute to Britain

Provisional programme of Coronation events published

Admiralty declares danger area for atomic weapon tests off Australia

## Saturday, August 9

Persian Senate asks Dr. Moussadeq for further explanation before finally approving Bill giving him special powers

National Committee of Amalgamated Engineering Union decides to recommend confederation of Shipbuilding and Engineering Unions to hold ballot on strike action

Workers in many Belgian factories strike as protest against two-year period of military service

## Sunday, August 10

General Neguib, Egyptian Commander-in-Chief, warns political parties to purge themselves

General Clark, U.N. Commander-in-Chief, congratulates President Rhee on his re-election in South Korea

Provisional headquarters of Authority to fulfil Schuman Plan set up in Luxembourg

## Monday, August 11

General election to be held in Egypt next February

King of Jordan deposed and his son, Prince Hussein, proclaimed King

Dr. Moussadeq obtains full powers

## Tuesday, August 12

Confederation of Shipbuilding and Engineering Unions holds annual conference at which wage claims are discussed

Council of European Defence Community fails to agree on common period of military service



In the South Korean presidential election (the first by popular vote) which was held on August 5, Doctor Syngman Rhee was re-elected for a four-year term of office with a majority of more than 3,000,000 over all his opponents. He is seen (left) at a polling station watching his wife placing her thumb-print on a ballot paper



Onlookers watching the Gorsedd of Bards in the grounds of Aberystwyth Castle during the Welsh National Eisteddfod last week. At the ceremony the cleft swords of the Gorsedd of Wales and Brittany were united by the Archdruid as a symbol of Celtic brotherhood between the two countries. The competition for the Bardic Chair was won by Mr. John Evans, a sixty-five-year-old village schoolmaster from Merionethshire, for his poem 'Hands'. This year the Bardic Crown award was withheld: the adjudicators decided that none of the twenty-one entrants in the competition merited it

Right: General view of one of the jumping-competitions on the second day of the Dublin Horse Show which was held last week



Mr. Andrei Gromyko, the new Credence to the Queen of landau outside the



Competitors in the 3,000 m. race on Saturday photographed during the race, is seen in the lead. Ir





Soviet Ambassador in London, presented his Letters of Credence to Queen Elizabeth II. He is photographed as he entered a state room at the Embassy to drive to Buckingham Palace



Two aerial photographs just received of the Oriental Light Metals Company's factory in Korea (four miles from the Manchurian border) which was the target of a major raid by sixty-two United Nations bombers recently. On the left is the factory before the raid: on the right, the burnt-out shell after the attack



High jump. C. W. Brasher of Great Britain, who won the British Games at the White City



Dragon Class yachts taking part in the Cowes Regatta last week



Passengers being rescued from a bus marooned by flooding at Ruislip, Middlesex, during the storms that swept London and the Home Counties on Wednesday of last week. In one area of Belfast last week-end many families had to be rescued by boat after thirty hours of rain



Last week a new King Penguin chick was hatched at the London Zoo. 'Tubby', the father, who has taken on the rearing of his offspring, is seen feeding the chick

Research for Plenty—II

# Place in the Sun

By ERIC ASHBY

**W**HEN the history of our time comes to be written I am sure it will be said that our generation was the first to worry seriously about great-grandchildren. In the past many individuals have made careful provision for the generations to come after them. They have planted forests. They have endowed schools and colleges. They have laid out gardens and built churches. But ours is the first generation to become really anxious about its successors, and to ask whether they are going to get enough to eat. This series of talks is a symptom of this anxiety. My own contribution to the series is, perhaps, a rash one. I am going to make an estimate of man's needs and man's resources, to see whether the world's food budget could, in fact, be balanced at all if our population continues to increase. I am not going to discuss whether it will be balanced, but whether it conceivably could be balanced.

### Looking a Century Ahead

Before long, the total world population is going to reach some 2,500,000,000. Let us make the gloomy assumption that a century ahead the world population will be double this amount: 5,000,000,000. Other speakers in this series will talk about the prospects of the farmer and fisherman of A.D. 2052 being able to feed this population. I am discussing a purely scientific problem, namely: could there conceivably be enough food in the world for 5,000,000,000 people? And by this I mean: is the world's energy income enough to supply all this food?

The physiologist measures energy in calories, whether it appears as heat or not. It was Count Rumford, in 1798, who first demonstrated that the energy of animal movement could be estimated as an equivalent of heat. He used the energy of two horses, turning a cannon borer in a steel cylinder, to boil water. The friction of the cannon borer produced heat equal to nine wax candles burning at once, and the Count concluded his report optimistically by saying: 'In cases of necessity the heat thus produced might be used in cooking victuals'. In a similar way we can express quantitatively the amount of energy used up by an active man in a day. The figure for this is 2,500 calories. Of course, children and old people use less, and millions of people who do need the full amount are having to do with half that amount. But in making an energy balance sheet for man we should not underestimate the need; so let us take it at 2,500 calories per day. This is the energy a man consumes, and this is the energy which has to be replaced by food. So the prime function of eating is to acquire energy, and apart from the fact that the body cannot cope with unbalanced diets, it would not matter which food supplied the energy. The 2,500 calories to keep a man going for a day could come from a couple of pounds of bread, or eleven ounces of butter, or about a pound of peanuts, or eleven pounds of oysters.

When we do a sum to calculate the maximum daily expenditure of energy by a world population of 5,000,000,000, we get a figure the mind cannot easily grasp: 12,500,000,000,000 calories per day; the amount of energy in something over 3,000,000 tons of sugar. So, if the agriculture of the future is to feed double the present population of the earth, and making allowances for losses and waste, this is the amount of sugar (or equivalent amounts of starch or fat or animal protein) which the world's crops must provide per day: over 3,000,000 tons. Energy will have to flow into the human race at this rate; otherwise some of the human race will starve.

Let us follow the stream of energy one stage farther back. Ultimately it all comes from green plants. If you acquire your energy as mutton, you are only getting, at second hand, energy the sheep has taken from Australian or New Zealand pastures. If you acquire it as chicken, you are getting at second hand grain from the Canadian prairies. If you acquire it as fish, you are getting what the fish itself took from the microscopic plants of the ocean. How do plants themselves acquire the energy?

It is no exaggeration to say that this is the most important unsolved problem of botany, for if it were solved we would know how sugar is made from the sun. For that is what happens. Hold out your hand to

the sun, and you realise that most of its energy as it falls on your hand is dissipated as heat. But put a green leaf in the sun, and its chlorophyll (the green colouring matter in the leaf) absorbs the energy and holds some of it as chemical energy; it is not all dissipated as heat. This energy captured from the sun is used to remove hydrogen atoms from water (which is in the leaf) and to attach them to carbon dioxide gas (which enters the leaf from the atmosphere). The process of shifting hydrogen from one substance to another is accompanied by the storage of solar energy in chemical form. The commonest chemical form is sugar. The green plant does for solar energy what the battery does for electrical energy in a car: it stores energy in a form which can be released under appropriate conditions. So the world's food supply depends on a photochemical synthesis, usually called photosynthesis: the synthesis of sugar from carbon dioxide and water, accomplished in leaves by the energy of sunlight.

I suppose more research has been done on this synthesis than on any other problem in plant physiology, and although it is theoretically possible to imitate it (as Sir James Scott Watson hinted in the last talk) no chemist has yet succeeded in doing so. Indeed, it is only very recently, by the use of radio-active isotopes, that the parts played by carbon dioxide and water have been discovered. The process is, in fact, far more complex than the dramatic kinds of synthesis achieved by industrial chemists (plastics and the like), and it is not surprising that it has so far baffled all attempts to understand it. We believe, for instance, that it takes ten steps before the energy is fixed chemically. Our evidence for this is from experiments on the amount of light necessary to add hydrogen to one molecule of carbon dioxide gas: the transformation will not occur at all unless enough light for ten steps has been absorbed by the green leaf. In any fundamental research to increase the world's food supply, an understanding of this synthesis is the most important single objective.

Even if we do not fully understand photosynthesis, the making of sugar from the sun, we know a good deal about the efficiency of the process as an accumulator of energy. I want to turn to this topic for a few minutes. Man lives by energy from the sun. Is there enough solar energy for his needs? Yes, there is energy to spare, if only it could be captured and stored as chemical energy. But most of the sun's energy is irretrievably lost to us. More than half of it does not penetrate the atmosphere at all; and of the solar energy which does reach the earth, much does not fall on plants, and so is lost; and most of the proportion that does fall on plants is not absorbed as chemical energy: it passes through the leaves, or is reflected from their surface, or is transformed into heat. It has been estimated that no more than two per cent. of the solar energy falling on vegetation is converted into chemical energy and stored in the plant. It is a low percentage, and in this very figure you have one problem of research for plenty: how can we increase the meagre percentage of solar energy which is fixed by a plant as sugar? How can we recover some of the lost ninety-eight per cent. of sunshine?

### Converted Solar Energy

I will come back to that in a moment. First, let us calculate how much solar energy is, in fact, fixed by plants on land and in the oceans, every day. Such calculations as this are very approximate, and they depend on some dubious assumptions; but even if they can be of the right order of magnitude they are worth making. Calculations based on the most recent information produce a dramatic result: if two per cent. of the solar energy falling on vegetation of all kinds, edible and inedible, is converted to stored energy in plants, this produces an energy income only about 1,000 times the energy consumption of mankind in a world with double the present population. This may seem an ample excess—to have an income 1,000 times greater than expenditure. But there are vast areas of the earth's surface which, though they carry vegetation, could not conceivably carry any crop plants as we know them today. In fact only a few million acres of the earth's surface are considered to be climatically suitable for crop plants, and over a

third of this acreage is being cultivated already. This few million acres of land suitable for crops includes what are at present forests and jungles and scrub, and which have not yet been made productive. Out of this energy income all the animals have to be fed, too. Indeed, it is a narrow margin: the possibility that man might not be able to balance his energy budget, if the world population greatly increases, is very real. We have to admit that crops, working at their present efficiency level on all the land we now believe to be capable of cultivation, might barely secure enough energy from the sun to supply daily bread for our great-grandchildren.

Yet the solar energy is there. Ninety-eight per cent. of it already falling on vegetation is running to waste. To my mind, the theme of research for plenty is simple to state. It is this: can we train plants to intercept and to store solar energy more efficiently? A good deal of the sun's energy we must write off as unavailable to us; for instance, the sixty per cent. which is absorbed by the atmosphere and never reaches the surface of the earth at all. We must be content to try to harness a greater proportion of that fraction of the sun's energy which already falls on vegetation, on land and sea. This fraction alone of the sun's energy should be enough to serve our needs. It is over 100,000 times more than the world would need, even if the world had double its present population. So the major problem can now be focused in two questions: is it possible to increase the efficiency with which plants intercept and store solar energy? And if it is, by what techniques can it be done?

### Increase in Average Yields

The first is easy to answer. If you look through the statistics for yields of wheat, or potatoes or maize you find that maximum yields under favourable conditions are sometimes as much as twenty times greater than average yields. If the productivity of a factory can sometimes reach twenty times the average productivity of the industry, there is clearly a case for improving the average. And so it is with crop yields. To take an example: the British farmer used to be content with yields of eight to ten hundredweight per acre of wheat. Now, on the same soils and in the same climate, his average yield is twenty hundredweight, and some farmers get as much as forty hundredweight per acre. In regions of primitive agriculture there is even clearer evidence that crop efficiency can be improved. The demonstration farms in India run by the Ministry of Agriculture commonly have two or three times the yield of the surrounding peasant holdings, growing the same crops in the same soil; and in Soviet Russia the incentives of 'socialist emulation' in farming have more than doubled yields in areas as large as the whole of Britain. There is no doubt whatever that the productivity of crops—the amount of solar energy fixed per acre—could still be greatly increased. And how can productivity be increased? To put it another way, what are the obstacles to high yields of crops?

First among the obstacles I would put poor husbandry. The farmer is the middleman between the sun and the earth. It is his business to grow his crops in such a way that he intercepts and stores the maximum amount of sunlight per acre. You have only to look at the fields in places where agriculture is underdeveloped to see that half the sunlight is not falling on the crop at all, but on the bare soil, or on weeds which cannot be used for food. Perhaps I should say what the plant physiologist means by poor husbandry: he does not regard it from the farmer's point of view, in terms of hoeing, or weeding, or watering; but rather from the plant's point of view. The leaves must be displayed to the sun to enable the maximum amount of light to be absorbed. The roots must live in a soil where there is ample air for their respiration (that is why a waterlogged soil is bad), and where there is a healthy population of micro-organisms to break down manure and other organic materials into simple chemicals which the roots can absorb. The individual plants must not be so close together that their roots are competing for nutrients and water, yet not so far apart that sunlight is falling between them on the bare soil. And there must be a sufficiently high water table to provide a stream of water through the plant all day, for if the water supply fails even for an hour at midday, sugar production in the leaves may be halved.

One of the chief needs on underdeveloped farms is fertiliser. You cannot grow a good crop in an exhausted soil. Even in the United Kingdom and the United States fertiliser consumption has almost trebled in the last ten years and yields have risen correspondingly. Some figures recently published for maize in North Carolina show what can be done by the simple application of better husbandry. Before

1900, the average yield of maize in North Carolina was no more than fourteen bushels per acre. In the nineteen-twenties an intensive educational programme for better farming, without any scientific innovations at all, brought the yields up from fourteen to twenty bushels per acre. In 1943 there was a campaign for more intensive nitrogen manuring and still better farming, and the state set itself a goal of forty bushels per acre by 1955. This is an increase of 180 per cent. in crop efficiency over about half a century; and this year the farmers of North Carolina are already within sight of their goal. So the first obstacle to higher efficiency in crops can be overcome simply by education; it does not need research. The second obstacles are disease and pests. If you have ever seen an Irish potato field infested by blight, or locusts on the plains of India, you need no convincing that the productivity of crops is wrecked by these pests.

Then there are the obstacles to higher productivity inherent in the crops themselves. Is there any prospect that plant physiologists can make the process of photosynthesis itself more efficient? My own guess is that physiologists will not, for some time to come, be able to accelerate the reaction itself; they are not yet familiar even with the steps by which it occurs. But they can do a great deal indirectly to improve the efficiency of a crop. Any treatment which increases the area of leaves exposed to the sun will increase the productivity per plant. So will any treatment which increases the thickness of the leaves so that they intercept more light. So will any treatment which produces deep, instead of spreading roots; for then the plants can be grown closer together. In brief, the plant physiologist can discover new patterns of crops designed to intercept the maximum amount of sunlight. To mention one example: a variety of cotton which produces long branches at the base is more efficient than one which does not, for the long branches throw the lower leaves of the plant well outside the shade of the upper leaves; and in one case this has already been proved to increase yield. Another contribution the physiologist makes is to study how crops maintain their efficiency in unfavourable conditions: during droughts, or cold or dull weather. These are problems to which Russian and Canadian workers have made important contributions. Russian plant physiologists, for instance, have discovered a good deal about drought resistance. And Canadian workers have paid particular attention to frost resistance. Farmers using their results have pushed the agricultural frontier of Canada many miles nearer the Arctic.

### Contribution of the Plant Breeder

Finally, the plant breeder has a contribution to make. He can select varieties of crops on a basis of their efficiency as interceptors of solar energy, and can even breed deliberately for large leaves, and for a high efficiency in utilising sunlight. I will finish this talk with a striking example of this. By hybridising inbred varieties of maize it is possible to produce strains which, on account of their greater size and vigour, intercept and store much more solar energy than the parent strains from which they came. Twenty years ago these hybrid strains were scarcely to be seen at all in the Corn Belt of America. Today, over four-fifths of the maize in the Corn Belt comes from hybrid strains. Other conditions of cultivation have not changed much; yet the maize yields from the Corn Belt have gone up by 500,000,000 bushels a year; that is an increase in crop efficiency of twenty-five per cent. in twenty years. Just as the speed of an aeroplane can be improved by introducing a new wing-shape, so the yield of a crop plant can be improved by introducing new patterns of leaves and branches and roots. They say that the use of hybrid corn has virtually provided enough additional pig meal to give every man, woman, and child in the United States another fifty pounds of pork a year. This demonstrates that the benefits of research for plenty are not only for our grandchildren.—*Third Programme*

The current number of *The Geographical Magazine* contains an article by Tom Hopkinson on 'The Fishers of Nazaré', a village in Portugal, which is illustrated with some excellent photographs by Gerti Deutsch. Eric Shipton writes on 'The Everest "Tigers"'—the sherpas. The July number of *Realities*, an international magazine which is published both in English and French editions, price 9s. or £4 10s. a year, contains an interesting article: 'This is What the West Stands For'. Other articles discuss 'Should we go on helping Tito?', 'Agreements with Germany: Dangers Ahead', 'Marseilles', 'The Rise of French Bloodstock', and 'Old Age can be Conquered'. The magazine is in photogravure and elaborately illustrated, partly in colour.

Plat du Jour—I

# The French Omelette and Ancient Rome

The first of three talks on cookery by ISABELLA VISCHER

THE omelette is, surely, the simplest of all dishes—and yet the most temperamental and tricky. But with patience and inspiration, I suppose anyone can learn to make a good omelette. It is chiefly—as in so many other things—a matter of timing. Here I must make it quite clear that we are concerned with the French omelette. In England the word omelette is almost invariably understood to mean *omelette soufflée*. This delicate, sweet dish—or shall we say pudding?—has very little in common with *l'omelette* as known in France. Of course, at this rate, there is a whole family of omelettes besides the *soufflée*! Pancakes and crêpes belong to it, and one may be allowed to add their cousin from this side of the Channel, the Yorkshire Pudding.

I have always tried to explain and demonstrate to my friends across the Channel the beauty and delights of good English cookery. They have always been surprised, often interested, sometimes dazzled. In France, where feminine characteristics are prevalent, cooking perfects itself through elaboration; in England, more exclusively masculine, through simplification. Surely, both these approaches are wise and both show deep discernment in matters concerning good food. If the French school of cookery goes in for subtle researches and learned combinations, in England the main object seems to be, what is, after all, one of the most, if not the most important gastronomic principle: always bring out and keep the individual flavour. 'The greatest achievement in cookery', a connoisseur said to me once (and he was a Continental), 'The greatest achievement is when each viand or cooked food returns its own "fumet"'. The French word *fumet* for flavour is, I think, so much more expressive. But when a French recipe happens to be apparently plain and simple, it is then that one may be sure that it is elusive, imponderable, and difficult to follow successfully. And of such, before any other, is the omelette. That is why, I imagine, every cook has a different way of making it, and that is why most writers and experts—especially the most famous—devote a special and long chapter to it. If each one gives another method, they all agree on one point: that it is a bit of a conjuring trick.

The omelette was invented and perfected by a Roman, one Marcus Gavius Apicius, in the heyday of Roman gluttony. Apicius lived about A.D. 25. He wrote at great length on cookery. His writings, beautifully translated by Bernard Guégand, give a very detailed and interesting account of the table in Ancient Rome. Quoting Pliny, Guégand tells us that in order to improve pig's liver, Apicius fattened his pigs with dried figs, gave them wine sweetened with honey, and . . . killed them by surprise! He had a special way of preparing red mullet, brought certain vegetables into vogue, but abhorred Brussels sprouts. He had a passion for squills, and invented a special way of preparing flamingos' tongues, a dish which became very famous. Guégand then relates how in the Rome of his day, whence philosophers had been banished as corrupters of youth, Apicius held school, teaching gluttony, and quotes Seneca as complaining that he 'infected the century with his doctrine'. Twenty years earlier, young Romans were anxious to listen to the teachings of philosophers and rhetoricians, and only slaves frequented the kitchens. And the good man greatly deplores that the schools are empty and the kitchens crowded, for all the young people are besieging the ovens of greedy dissipators. After having spent the major part of his enormous fortune on eating and drinking (no, he did not die of a complaint of the liver) he found life no longer

worth living and committed suicide. But he has the merit of having given us the omelette.

Whether we use ordinary hen eggs, guinea-fowl eggs, ostrich eggs (they have been used for this noble dish) or penguin eggs or the most delicious blue eggs of the Chilean breed Arracusa, the eggs must be fresh if we want any degree of success. An egg-specialist in England showed me recently that the surest way of testing whether an egg is fresh is to hold it up against the light like a telescope. If it is quite fresh, you can see the light shining through it like a star. I found it surprising and lovely. Needless to say, I never succeeded afterwards in holding it again in the right way and could no longer see the lighted spot. In France this is called *contrôle par mirage*.

By the way, in these talks we shall, of course, deal with cookery as *Cordons Bleus*, assuming that we dispose of plenty and with only passing references to possible alternatives imposed upon us by the cruelties of rationing. And for those who esteem the knowledge of food and look on cookery as a great art, worthy of enquiry and contemplation, I feel that I may be allowed to add to some of my simpler recipes, one, by a great master, to be just admired. I find that I can always learn something, even from the most extravagant and luxurious recipe, and it is astonishing how much one can compromise.

So for our omelette, let us choose nice, brown eggs from the good old Rhode Island Red. Those of us who keep hens know that a 'new-laid' egg is at its best after twenty-four hours and not before, and, *en passant*, for those who do not know, eggs should, when required, be put into conserve at that time. There are, needless to say, infinite variations: other ingredients such as chopped ham, sliced mushrooms, asparagus, tomatoes, herring, can be incorporated into the mixture of beaten eggs at the moment of putting it into the frying pan, or herbs, which should be mixed with the eggs at least a quarter of an hour before; or we can introduce stuffings prepared with prawns, potatoes, mushrooms, meat, and so on. But now we are dealing with the plain omelette.

As mentioned earlier, each cook has his or her own way of performing this feat. Prosper Montagné ends his homily on the subject with the words: 'Enfin, avoir confiance en soi'. It took me years to find my own way, and self-diffidence still sometimes lurks over my shoulder. What I know I owe chiefly to the patient demonstration of an artist in omelettry who kindly took me to the secrecy of his kitchen, in London, where he makes a speciality of it for his clients every day. There, after meeting the suspicious but soon benevolent glances of a platoon of charladies and helps, he showed me how to make the French omelette, as follows:

Twelve eggs can be used, but it is preferable to use a smaller quantity, not only because of the scarcity of eggs but because it is easier. It is important that the frying-pan should be proportionate to the number of eggs—in other words, to the size of the omelette. The frying-pan must be made of iron, not of aluminium, tin, or enamel. And here I feel I must stress a point, essential to what might be called the background of omelette-making, namely that the frying pan must never be washed with water but rubbed, when hot, with salt and tissue-paper, as this is the only way to prevent sticking. For three people, we take six eggs, break them into a bowl, season them with salt and freshly ground pepper, and add a good teaspoonful of water. We beat this lightly with a fork or the wire-broom—not the



whisk—until large bubbles form on the top. This takes half a minute; it is fatal to beat too long. Meanwhile, our frying pan is getting hot, not too hot, and we drop in an ounce and a half of butter—or butter and best lard—over a quick flame for a minute or two, until it gives no more froth and has turned light golden. We give another stir to our egg-mixture and pour it into the fat, letting it spread evenly over the frying pan. All this is a swift business, and we may well feel a few extra heart-beats and a little breathlessness at that moment. The flame is now turned down a little. With a fork or palette-knife (a fork seems to work particularly well) we loosen the edges of the omelette all round and, once or twice, in the middle, letting the liquid flow into the empty spaces, taking care always to move towards the middle. This takes about two minutes. Then, with all the calm we can muster, we fold it. This is easiest if we fold over and pin down with two or three fork-pricks about an inch and a half of the omelette along one side. Then it is quite easy to roll it into shape. Our omelette should be golden brown outside and wet inside: *baveuse*, as is the classical French term. It is then slid on to a hot plate, and its surface made shiny with a little butter. This last touch makes all the difference.

Omelettes, like soufflés, should be cooked whilst our guests are at table, never before. The guests must wait for the omelette, not the

omelette for the guests. Anticipation adds to pleasure—so, why worry?

And, now, here is the recipe of the same basic omelette, glorified and embellished in honour of King Edward VII by Nignon, a French chef of great repute, who has written an exquisitely illustrated book, called *Les Plaisirs de la Table*, dedicated to Antoine Carême.

#### Omelette Richemonde

Mince 300 grammes—about eleven ounces—of fresh Paris mushrooms, fry them golden in butter, and add a liqueur-glass of excellent port-wine. Cover it with double cream and two spoonfuls of meat-glaze of veal. Simmer slowly. When the mushrooms are ‘enrobed with a thin veil of cream, you will dispose them in the centre, along the whole length of an omelette. Slide this omelette on a dish and cover it over entirely with a sauce Mornay. Sprinkle with Parmesan, moisten with melted butter. Finally, finish off with the salamander, to give a fine golden glaze’.

He adds: ‘This omelette was made by me for H.M. King Edward VII. It has since gone round the world under many different names. This omelette, if successful’ (note the ‘if successful’) ‘will be most mellow’.

Is it unfair and out of date to quote such delicacies? I do not think so. On the contrary, for with a little thinking and pondering we might adapt it without parody.—*Third Programme*

## The Ballad of Culver's Hole

What feet are heard about these rocks  
This highest tide of the year?  
White spray of the equinox,  
You chill the heart with fear.

Two boats close in from East and West  
On a little boat that feels  
The lucky weight of Culver  
Gripping the stolen creels.

Is it the rope of Culver  
Where the shag has the wit to dive,  
Dragged through the shivering breakers,  
That makes these rocks alive?

A great, round barrel  
He has rolled up that grey beach.  
Voices like claws are closing in,  
Almost within reach.

In a moment he has vanished.  
The gully's packed with dread.  
Where is he hiding in the rocks,  
The man they took for dead?

‘Between this headland and that point  
He surely ran aground.  
Who saw the cunning hare stop dead  
To cheat the flying hound?’

You up there, on the cliff's dark brows,  
You who stand there stiff,  
Where does Culver keep his house,  
Perched upon what cliff?’

‘We know nothing, we know nothing,  
Never found his nest.  
Ours is the crooked haystack,  
The whitewashed farm at rest.

We hear nothing, we hear nothing,  
Only seabirds’ cries.

Call his name to the rock, and then  
Hear what the rock replies.

A white-washed cottage, a house of stone  
Might not hold your man.  
Out of a nest of bleaching bone  
The brightest fisher sprang.

We have seen the kestrel hang in the air  
And where the ravens glide  
Have combed the rocks for laver-bread  
And the cockles in the tide.

But danger haunts the upper ledge  
Here where the seagull flies.  
Why do you ask us gently  
With murder in your eyes?

Watch, watch your footing.  
The stones in the ledge are loose.  
Under this hollow cliff the sea  
Is hissing like a goose’.

‘Let two upon the green turf go  
And two upon the rocks.  
A great tide is running,  
On the door of death it knocks.

It roars to have him hammered down  
With nails to the sea bed.  
Where is he hiding in the rocks,  
The man we took for dead?’

‘The equinox is rising;  
The sky to the West is black.  
The sea has drowned a hundred pools:  
Should we not go back?’

‘To think, that fish was in my net  
And now has got away.  
He beckons for the sun to set  
And the waters fill the bay’.

‘Go back, go back, and leave him  
Before it is too late.  
The sea has drowned a thousand pools.  
We cannot fight with Fate.

The great rock and the little rock,  
They slip beneath the wave.  
These breakers have drawn blood before,  
Their lilies strewn a grave.

The mole beneath the giant sea  
Is heaping mound on mound.  
Make for the ship, come quickly,  
Or we shall all be drowned’.

‘The dark is helping the digging mole  
To cut our exit off.  
Who could smoke out a smuggler's hole  
In a sea so blind and rough?

God rot the guts of Culver  
By whom the good man dies.  
He laughs behind a wall of rock  
Where every rock has eyes’.

Now each rock wears disguises,  
Each darkened stone deceives,  
And louder the wave rises  
With a noise of rustling leaves.

But before the long wave hit the ground  
The shag had the wit to dive.  
Those greyhounds covered at a bound  
The hare they left alive.

Their noose is for that goose of the sea,  
And they have not caught him yet,  
A barrel rises slowly  
Just where the sun had set.

Schweppshire Post, 1952



'Post's' Peephole  
on Schweppshire  
in Shirtsleeves

Happy  
Holidays  
are  
Here!

HOPS DESTROYED BY LIGHTNING

## CROWD WASHED OUT

By Freak Storm

SEA SCOUTS MAROONED IN COVE

Crops are now past salvation in many parts of Schweppshire. The holiday sporting programme has been ruined and the roads were crowded yesterday with disappointed holiday-makers trooping back from flooded coastal resorts and bathing beaches where giant waves have wrecked bathing huts and spread an amazing mêlée of condemned slot machines, deck quoits, old second-hand bathing

towels and retired naval men five hundred yards inland.

### Setting Lotion in Cream Buns

RESORTS WARNED

Many little ones were taken to hospital after the Orphans' Outing last Wednesday. Each had eaten only fifteen of these confections when the leader of the troop complained that she was unable to remove her Brownie sombrero.

### GRISLY FIND

IN FESTIVAL  
"WELL OF TRUTH"

Human Jawbone Lollged in Wall:

Foul Play Suspected

Amateur detectives were wondering whether there was any connection between this incident and the finding of an unidentified gold tooth in a margarine tin in Schwepton Mallet Reservoir.

### Bungalow Blaze

NEXT TO PETROL STORE

Dissatisfied bathing-machine attendants have put the charming little coves of East Schweppshire under a

reign of terror during the past fortnight. Peaceful holiday-makers have been premeditatedly attacked with knotted bathing costumes or pelted with old cuttlefish by inflammable malcontents.

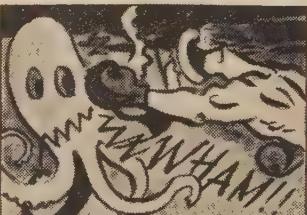
### Quadruple Crash

HOLIDAY CHARABANC  
BUCKLED

Boy Buried Head Down  
in Sand Castle—Will Survive  
Four hours' artificial respiration were administered to Tony Rössl, recently cut out of wealthy uncle's will. Ailing Rössl had earlier been shaken when with thirteen other little ones he narrowly escaped cliff fall on Lido of Schweppington-Schwupper-Mare.

### INSPECTOR STRAIGHTLEFT

No. 483



### MORRIS DANCING round Schweppherd's Bush



In Midsummer Months the Holland House (Action) Society moves from leafy Lime Grove for the green oasis in whose greater spaciousness the difficult 5/4. and complex 10/66 rhythms are interestingly attempted (G. Schworl, F.R.Z.S., on right)

don't let { Chilled Feet, Hangover,  
Sting-ray blisters,  
'Purple-patch', Sunburn,  
Heat Palsy

take the edge  
off your Holiday

smile with PP Antischweppic

Written by Stephen Potter. Drawn by Lewitt-Him

# Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

## Portraits from Memory—III

Sir,—Mr. Kenmare's letter on D. H. Lawrence in THE LISTENER of August 7 misses the point. The disagreement between Lawrence and me was not as to head and heart. On the contrary, one of his main objections to me was that I had a heart. I minded the suffering involved in the war; he did not, and regarded my minding as a pretence. That Lawrence had not much head, I will admit. But he had even less heart. As for Mr. Kenmare's idea that there are people who take reason as a guide in ultimate problems, I can only say that I have never come across such people either in life or in literature. They are, in fact, a figment in the brains of people who do not take the trouble to think things out.

Yours, etc.,

Richmond

BERTRAND RUSSELL

Sir,—Perhaps you will allow me to make a few remarks on the points raised by Mr. Dallas Kenmare? At the age when one (if one is made that way) believes that poetry is the Only Good, I coined for my private satisfaction the juvenilium, 'Science at its highest can be no more than a Lemprière to a greater Keats of a Latter Day'. In the decades that have elapsed since then I have been forced, like other youthful purists, to redefine my notions as to how far the heart should be allowed to rule the head. I found early that the poet's claim for the supremacy of his Muse became with so many non-poets a dislike for submitting their instincts, prejudices, and appetites to the test of reason. Whatever his position as a novelist and poet, to the frustrated or the merely unreasonable of the 'twenties D. H. Lawrence was a godsend. Secret impulses which hitherto had seemed perverse or anti-social could now be indulged openly (at least in a literary sense) with the sanction of genius. Since so many of Lawrence's disciples were not equipped to implement his teaching, the outlet offered was usually harmless enough; it became more serious when the Nazis transformed the idea into a working system.

Heart and head are usually mentioned as if they were members of a more or less equal dualism. The fact is that 'heart' is vastly more powerful than 'head', being represented to a small extent by the milk of human kindness and to an overwhelming extent by the dark impulses that lurk in the Freudian unconscious. The intellect at this stage in history is nothing but a faint stirring in the soggy plasma of human awareness. Nevertheless, men have a sneaking respect for the mind however much they may strive to suppress it. As Lord Russell points out, theology imported from Rousseau the idea that 'the heart has reasons of which reason never dreams', and since then the campaign against the intellect has been extended to every sphere. Yet the 'head', infantile and delicate instrument though it be, is our only hope and safeguard in an irrational world and calls on us to defend it, not against the inspiration of the poets (may they prosper), but against orders given by the 'heart' to murder, cheat, torture, coerce, imprison, and ravish.—Yours, etc.,

Cambridge

VICTOR PURCELL

## Research for Plenty—I

Sir,—In his talk 'Research For Plenty', published in THE LISTENER of August 7, Sir James Scott Watson writes: 'Progress in food

production would be faster if agriculture were organised like other modern industries—if it were conducted in large units under skilled management . . . and with efficiency and financial gain as the predominant motives'.

Agriculture for the utmost financial gain was the predominant motive of the large-scale farmers in the new countries overseas. The outstanding results of this policy have been the creation of the great Dust Bowl desert in the U.S.A. and menacing soil erosion problems in Australia, Canada, and South Africa.

To compare agriculture with 'other modern industries' is surely erroneous. The soil is not inert matter to be processed in a factory. It is, as it were, a living material. The fertility of the soil, its capacity to sustain and renew life, is a biological function dependent upon the co-operation of many living organisms: for instance, the nitrogen-fixing activities of certain bacteria, the decomposition work of others, the digestive and aerating work of earth-worms, and so on. The task of the farmer is to co-operate with nature and the natural process.

Sir James condemns small peasant farms and advocates large units. Our average holdings are about seventy acres but our average yields per acre are greatly above those in the United States, Canada, and Australia with their large-scale farms. Moreover, our average production is well below that of Denmark or Holland where the normal farm consists of twenty to twenty-five acres. These countries are always held up as models of agricultural efficiency. Convert them into great mechanised farms and the fertility of the soil and the production of food would greatly decline.—Yours, etc.,

Southwold

P. C. LOFTUS

## Round the London Galleries

Sir,—When we are talking about the arts, where it is always so difficult to reconcile our own enthusiasms with higher, more objective standards, we will never get anywhere unless we at least allow our fellow-enthusiasts their sincerity even when we cannot allow them to be right. But Mr. Henry Carr viciously attacks Mr. David Sylvester for his criticism of Giacometti's 'The Square', not only for talking 'nonsense', but also for being 'high-falutin'—he seems to think that the only possible reasons for someone differing from his own standards of taste are reasons of hypocrisy, snobbery, and dishonesty. Cannot Mr. Carr in his spleen perceive that for Mr. Sylvester 'The Square' was a significant and exciting work of art, that Mr. Sylvester having received so strong an impression of the work felt compelled to express his feelings for the benefit of his readers and to try and interpret its complex and poetic meaning?

For myself, I feel, as Mr. Sylvester did, that it is only in work such as 'The Square' (and also in certain modern poetry, for example, Eliot's, and the modern realist films) that man can express the subtle and painful feelings of stress and separation which modern urban civilisation has wished upon him: and Mr. Sylvester explained this theme with remarkable lucidity. But the point of my disagreement with Mr. Carr is one of justice rather than one of taste. Mr. Carr is often wrong—e.g., although the world is full of intellectual snobs, the arts are anything but their 'plaything', they are a living expression of passionate minds; the gallery-directors and the critics are not 'vying

with each other in the sensitivity of their minds', they are preserving for a thankless public the great original work of this and other times; and this work of all works, 'The Square', is not 'divorced from life'—the cliché-criticism of the obtuse and the obsolete—it is the work of a strong sensibility working directly *on* life, the life of the common streets which Mr. Carr in his blindness cannot see. But I could have forgiven him anything—his blindness, his wrongness, his impatience—rather than his refusal to believe that another person's opinions may be passionately honest however different from his own.—Yours, etc.,

Aberdeen

DAVID M. CRAIG

Sir,—I wonder whether Mr. Carr realises the pernicious effects of a letter such as his which appeared in THE LISTENER of August 7? Once again, the small band of intellectuals is under fire from the 'sturdy intelligence' of the plain man, personified by Mr. Carr. This has, indeed, been their fate for generations past; yet I suppose it is pointless to observe that never once has the choice of the plain man been vindicated.

But this rift between 'intellectual' and 'plain man' is no mere squabble—it is a deep and fundamental problem. Herbert Read has written: 'The final source of power in the artist is given by society, and that is precisely what is lacking in the modern artist. We have no sense of community, of a people for whom, and with whom we work. That is the tragedy of the modern artist, and only those who are blind to their own social disunity and spiritual separateness blame the modern artist for his obscurity'. And this tragedy will not be resolved by the 'sturdy intelligence' of Mr. Carr. Perhaps all we can do, those of us who gain inspiration from the modern movement in art, is to beg Mr. Carr and his armies of plain men to believe in our *sincerity*; and to consider Cromwell's plea, 'I beseech you, in the bowels of Christ, conceive it possible that you may be mistaken'—Yours, etc.,

Maidstone

JOHN CLARK

## Science and Art

Sir,—In THE LISTENER of August 7 you publish two letters, one, from a Mr. Dumert, a serious commentary on a scientific talk, the other from a Mr. Carr, a rather angry attack on certain contemporary works of art and those who bring them to the notice of the public. I am interested, as always, in the contrasting psychology of the two attitudes, and particularly in the implied suggestion that persons like Mr. Sylvester are not really authorities on their subject but have some private axe to grind. Why does no one suggest that the Astronomer Royal has an axe to grind? Modern theories of physics are far removed from immediate comprehension and 'common sense', so that they may well seem as 'difficult' to the ordinary person as are certain examples of contemporary art. But the latter are all perfectly harmless, and if we do not care for them we may ignore them, whereas some of the applications of modern science may destroy us all one day. It is, therefore, scientific discussions and not artistic ones which could be expected to engender bitterness and anger, but they seldom do. I find this very puzzling.

Yours, etc.,

London, W.9

DAVID WARING

# Genius Loci

By J. M. RICHARDS

ONE of the charms of travel—it goes without saying—is that places are different from each other, especially towns. It is a holiday in itself to sit at a café table on a foreign pavement and absorb the unfamiliar atmosphere, which is often only the result of a different way of doing familiar things: displaying advertisements or planting trees in a square or finishing off the edge of a canal.

But you don't have to go abroad to savour differences of character between one town and another. Such differences are the essence of the pleasure we take in any town we know. The more clearly its own peculiar personality is evident, the more agreeable a town is. And conversely, towns become disagreeable as they succumb to the tendency, characteristic of our time, to become more and more alike. This is the effect of chain-stores, of mass produced building materials, of Office-of-Works post offices, of motor-cars and the street-furniture they bring with them, of the inevitable decline of regional craftsmanship, all of which tend to level off the whole urban scene into one continuous Croydon.

The regional craftsmanship is a thing we cannot bring back, and it is no use sentimentalising over it. It belongs to a past age. But in other respects the past is still very much with us, and character, as established by tradition, has shown itself to be able to survive any number of changes in architecture.

Towns, in fact, unlike other works of art, exist in time as well as space. There is seldom the opportunity to build where nothing was before, and the town designer's raw material is mostly bequeathed to him by his predecessors. His task is to weave old and new into one consistent pattern, to see, like a breeder of bloodstock, that the best old strains are perpetuated in each generation, whatever changes new functions may require. The connoisseur of towns must therefore understand how their traditional character was formed, and must study the text-book examples to this end. He must know, for example, why Paris carries her heart on her sleeve, so that a tour of a few main streets, if it does not show the visitor all Paris, shows him the essence: the breadth of her boulevards, the classical lucidity of her architecture, geometrically displayed, the crystalline sparkle of her silvery stonework in the sunlight. And why London, by way of contrast, hides her beauties round corners, so that a tour of her main thoroughfares shows the visitors only the chaos of Oxford Street and the Strand, the banalities of Regent Street and the Bank. Only if he searches diligently will he discover the charm of velvety soot-faced brick terraces, secluded Inns of Court, the Bloomsbury Squares, the landscaping of St. James's Park. London's best architectural effects reveal themselves reluctantly. That is its character, which new buildings ignore at their peril.

This sort of analysis of the character of cities, and of the events and philosophies on which it is founded, has been surprisingly neglected by historians. There are text-books on town-planning which mostly deal with the way towns function, not with their visual character, and there are guide-books which carve towns up into bits and look at the

buildings individually, in spite of the fact that places are very much more than the sum of their buildings. Some twenty years ago, however, Londoners had their own city depicted for them in a most perceptive book written by a Dane. Steen Eiler Rasmussen's *London the Unique City*, came as a revelation to many. It explained what they had always dimly felt was special about London. It discussed its topographical origins as an amalgam of villages and its political origins as essentially a mercantile city, built for the comfort and convenience of its own

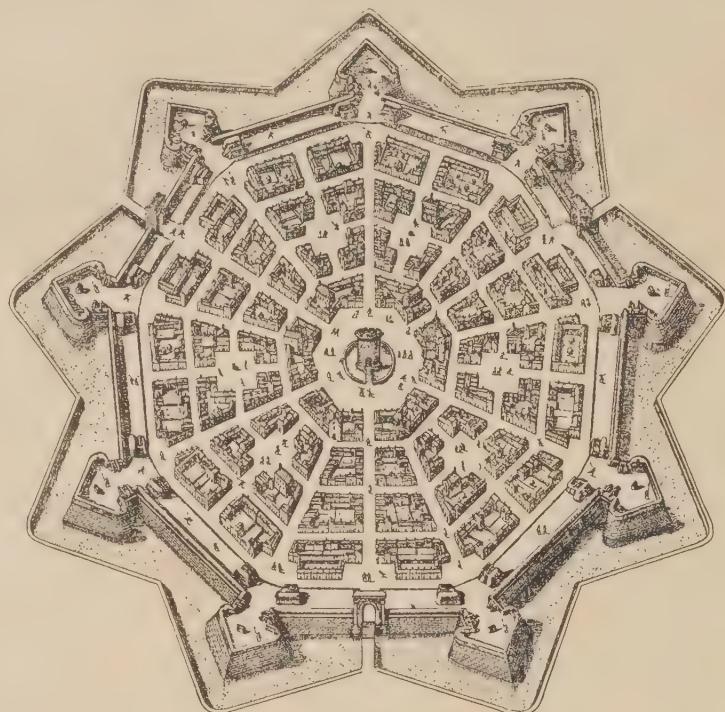
citizens, not as the setting for a court or the glorification of a despot. Rasmussen did more than anyone to show that it was contrary to the spirit of London to build monster blocks of flats instead of discreet domestic squares. It may be necessity that has driven us in recent years to do that very thing, but it has inevitably made London less herself.

That book was a classic, and now Professor Rasmussen has followed it by another\* with the same perception of essential values. This time he deals with not one but many cities, each representing, and reflecting in its physical being, a different ideal: Peking, which displays on an immense scale the hierarchical symmetry of a temple; the cellular planned cities of Greek and Roman colonists; medieval cities circumscribed by their fortifications; the crystalline formality of Palma Nuova, perfect embodiment of the renaissance belief in a rational basis for everything; Rome as laid out by Michelangelo and Sixtus V, where the dynamic concepts of modern town planning

the static concept of the ideal renaissance city; nineteenth-century Vienna and Copenhagen, with their ring boulevards following the line of old fortifications; Paris as improved by Haussmann, and so on up to the present day, which has become a battlefield for two opposing ideals: that of the English garden city and that of Le Corbusier's *ville radieuse*.

*Towns and Buildings* is not a pedantic work of history, in spite of the wide ground it covers. The author only goes into as much detail as is necessary to make his particular points, and gives few facts that are not easily accessible anywhere. He writes with a deceptively innocent—almost naïve—air. Yet the effect of the whole is a most illuminating analysis of the various social and philosophical ideals that underlie the art of building towns. The charm of the book is in the perceptive integration of architecture and history, which is reflected in the charm of the production: line drawings, typography, binding and jacket, designed and printed in Copenhagen, are a model of sensitive taste. The traveller to Rome, Vienna, Paris, London, Amsterdam, Copenhagen and a number of other places, if he is armed with this book as well as his Baedeker, will find that the monuments listed in the latter arrange themselves in an unsuspected pattern from which they derive new beauty and significance.

Bertrand Russell, O.M., has contributed a succinct survey of the wide topic *What is Freedom?* in the Background Books series, published by the Batchworth Press at 1s.



Palma Nuova, founded 1593

From 'Towns and Buildings'

# A Study of Satan

W. W. ROBSON on 'Lucifer and Prometheus'\*

**D**R. WERBLOWSKY'S *Lucifer and Prometheus* has two aspects. In the first place, it is a literary study of *Paradise Lost*, with special emphasis on the figure of Satan. It tries to demonstrate that the Satan of the early books is not a coherent figure. The poem is out of balance because the Satan of the early books is too grand, too heroic, too sympathetic: he is conceived with such poetic energy as to overcome Milton's spasmodic efforts to belittle him. The Satan of the later books—this Satan is systematically degraded by Milton; with the result that it is impossible to achieve a complete and synoptic impression of Satan as a whole. Dr. Werblowsky argues against such rationalisers as Mr. C. S. Lewis, who hold that Satan throughout is evil, that Milton, though he may have intended to convey this, does not succeed in doing so. The Satan of the early books remains an autonomous imaginative creation. By the standards and values which Milton, as poet, implicitly endorses in presenting this Satan, he remains in our experience to contradict the standards and values which Milton, as theologian and moralist, tries to assert in the poem as a whole.

### Arrogance and its Nemesis

This is not new, and, to my mind, is better stated in Professor A. J. A. Waldoock's *Paradise Lost and its Critics*, to which Dr. Werblowsky acknowledges a debt. But the other aspect of his work is not primarily critical in approach, but psychological. The book has a preface by Dr. C. G. Jung, and his psychological interpretation of the meaning of Satan is influenced by Jungian theories. The argument begins with a distinction between what may be called the 'Greek' and 'Hebrew' kinds of thinking. The key to the Greek attitude is *hubris*, pride. What is pride, in this sense? It is arrogance; that arrogance towards gods and men which brings its own appropriate punishment, its nemesis.

Many people—indeed, to judge from so many of their legends, the early Greeks themselves—recognised *hubris* as the peculiarly Greek temptation, the Greek sin. It has even been suggested that the failure of the Greeks to develop experimental science was due in part to their fear of *hubris*, of competition with the gods. And moralists of our own day have declared that *hubris* is the characteristic and fatal accompaniment of the western rationalist temper; we have taken over, along with the Greek reason, the Greek sin.

But this *hubris*, which is said to underlie our will to knowledge and power—what are its origins in the psychic structure of the individual? This is the question which the Jungian school set themselves to answer in their own terms. Many immemorially ancient myths, they allege, can be analysed and so made to reveal their origin in one central human myth, or fantasy of the emergence of consciousness from the unconscious. The basic pattern is this. Something emerges from something else—from a mother-image, from a womb, from a chaos, from a 'great deep', from a mass of amorphous matter—the 'something else' may have many forms. That which emerges has two tendencies, which pull it in opposite directions. One is a movement upwards and outwards from the primal condition; the other is a reactionary tendency of inertia, of return to the primal condition, a sort of psychic gravitation. Why, the psychologist asks, is chaos, or the 'great deep', or the womb, so often, in ancient myth, seen with revulsion and terror as a potential source of danger? And he answers that this revulsion is a struggle, a reaction for self-preservation; an effort not to be drawn back by the tendency of inertia to the non-personal, undifferentiated source of origin. This reaction for self-preservation is a basic constituent of *hubris*.

*Hubris*, then, is manifested in a reaction for self-preservation against a potential danger. This danger, as I have said, is symbolised in many forms. But its most affectively powerful symbol is woman. Woman is the mother, the birth-giver, feeder, and protector. But she is also something more sinister: that which reminds man most forcibly of the pull of instinct in himself; and, deeper still, the dark, irrational, threatening side of the world—our own unconscious. Goethe had

this in mind when he wrote the episode of Faust's descent to the Mothers. Now it is in this context—the symbolic significance of woman—that Dr. Werblowsky makes his distinction between the 'Greek' and the 'Hebrew' ways of thinking. The Greeks, he thinks, always had a bad conscience about their self-liberation from the matriarchal system of Crete and Mycene. They still had a fear of their origins which they had overcome and transcended. And this profound fear is reflected in all those stories and legends of which the moral is, do not soar too high; the *hubris* legends, like those of Icarus, Phaeton, Bellerophon.

To the Hebrews, on the contrary, the fundamental danger lay not in aspiring too high but in not aspiring high enough. Whereas the Greek temptation was to fly too near the sun, to repudiate the body and be too ascetic, to scorn gross reality and be too idealist, the Hebrew temptation was to be too earth-bound, too fleshly, too fond of sitting about having a good time and worshipping earth-goddesses. So the Jewish prophets had endlessly to keep alive the consciousness of being a chosen people, called upwards, called higher by the high God. The great sin was to stray after the goddesses and gods of the earth. Roughly speaking, then, the characteristic Hebrew sin was not *hubris* but sensuality. The rejection of sensuality is asserted in the supreme Jewish symbol: circumcision. In Biblical myths, as in the story of the Fall in Genesis, the idea of sin is constantly associated with woman.

Dr. Werblowsky contrasts with this what he regards as characteristic Greek spirituality, which is associated with male homosexuality and contempt of women. Or, again, to come down to the central theme of *Paradise Lost*, he finds a contrast between Jewish legends of the Fall of Man—which concentrate on the sensual aspect of the original sin—and patristic theories (at bottom a continuation of the Greek mode of thought) which concentrate on the *hubris* theme. Later Christian thought tries to combine the two themes, the Judaic and the Greek. You get both in Augustine, for instance; to Augustine the two cardinal sins are *superbia* (or *hubris*) and *concupiscentia* (sensuality). Milton, as C. S. Lewis has shown, accepts the Augustinian view. Pride, in Milton, is certainly responsible for the fall of Satan, probably responsible for the fall of Eve. At the same time Adam falls through 'female charm', and Satan is charged with lust and incest as well as pride; and when Adam and Eve eat the forbidden fruit, it acts as an aphrodisiac.

### Milton's Struggle against Sensuality

Milton is, so to speak, a mixture of Greek and Jew. His life and work are dominated by his struggle against sensuality; pride, or *hubris*, he does not always seem to recognise as a sin, or to induce a hostile attitude to it if he does so recognise it. The Father's disdainful superiority in *Paradise Lost*, the haughty frigidity of Christ in *Paradise Regained*, are well known; on the other hand, the undoubtedly wicked pride of Satan is not always felt as reprehensible. Milton's comparative kindness towards pride, and his harshness towards sensuality, might tend to make us think that the 'Hebraic' side of his character is the predominant one. And certainly he frequently asserts the positive attitudes of Hebrew thought. He endorses the Biblical affirmation of the material world. He glorifies marriage and lawful love, and denounces Platonic idealism and the Stoics' contempt for the passions and senses—he even makes Satan, at times, speak the language of the Stoics in order to discredit it. But Milton gets so hot under the collar on this subject, is so often excited, or querulous, on the theme of the physical, that Dr. Werblowsky suspects a tension, a duality, in Milton's feelings here; and he wonders whether the Platonic Milton of *Comus*, who glorified the supernatural power of chastity, was ever quite dead.

But the central part of the book, which gives it its title, *Lucifer and Prometheus*, is concerned with Milton's Satan; and it is the Greek sin, pride, *hubris*, not the Hebrew sin, sensuality, which is obviously more relevant here. I have already said that Dr. Werblowsky finds Milton, as

poet, much kinder to pride than to sensuality. He finds Milton's treatment of the proud Satan, the great Satan of the early books, profoundly equivocal. And he tries to explain the strangeness of Milton's attitude to *hubris* by relating the story of Milton's Satan, and his revolt from God, to one of the greatest of ancient Greek myths: the myth of Prometheus. 'I do not suggest', he says, 'that I have discovered an identity of the Lucifer and Prometheus myths, or that the Satan of *Paradise Lost* is simply a blend of the two. I merely claim that the Promethean myth shows a harmonious development which overlaps, to a great extent, that of the Christian Satan'.

The great Greek artistic treatment of the Prometheus story is the *Prometheus Bound* of Aeschylus. There are superficial resemblances between this play and *Paradise Lost*, verbal reminiscences which Dr. Werblowsky notes; but his main point is not to illustrate Aeschylus' influence on Milton, but to show profound mythical and archetypal identities in their respective subjects—Satan and Prometheus. He begins by pointing out the differences between the religious background of the Bible and that of Aeschylus. In the Prometheus story, there is no Creation. Men and gods are co-ternal and of common origin; both are children of Gaia. Prometheus himself is a god. But the point is that, though a god, he undergoes insult and suffering in a human manner—and suffers, moreover, for humanity whom he loves. His fire-stealing also is significant: it was the use of fire which helped to raise man from among the animals.

### Morally Ambiguous Cunning

Prometheus has knowledge. But he has more than knowledge: he has cunning. But this cunning is morally ambiguous; Prometheus is 'crooked': the word is used. Cleverness and resourcefulness are complementary functions of imperfection; evading the rules and laws which Zeus has made, disturbing the perfect order, the *dike* of Zeus. Prometheus' actions were prompted by his adopting the human point of view, by his love and friendship for mankind. And it is this, quite as much as the dynamism of the Promethean revolt itself, which led to the early Christian sympathy with Prometheus—the god who throws in his lot with mankind, who takes upon himself the existential suffering of humanity. From this sympathy it was only a short step to the attitude of the romantic poets, who interpret the myth in terms of complete antinomianism, entire rejection of divine authority and glorification of revolt for its own sake: the cult of Satan. But the original Prometheus story is not antinomian. The tension between Zeus and Prometheus remains; Prometheus, who points now towards Christ, now towards Satan, is an ambivalent figure. As representing creative change and movement towards new levels, he is good; as representing *hubris* and defiance of the eternal order, he is bad. It is this ambivalence which is responsible both for the poignancy and for the archetypal significance of the myth.

In Hebrew thought, in the Old Testament, there is no equivalent for the Prometheus myth. There are *hubris* stories in the Old Testament, for instance the Tower of Babel; but there is a fundamental difference between the ancient Hebrew and the ancient Greek in their attitude towards creative change. And this difference can be localised in their respective conceptions of the fatherhood of God. Zeus, to quote from Dr. Werblowsky, is 'the Olympian *paterfamilias*, guardian of custom, law, and the present order; in other words the father-image functioning as the mediator of the collective conscience'. The Biblical God, on the other hand, is a god who imperiously commands creative change and movement in man. He is the God of Abraham who says 'Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto the land that I will show thee'. We must remember that the fatherhood of Yahweh, unlike the fatherhood of Zeus, implies that he created the world: he stands for creativity. And even though the Jewish God, once he had given laws and commandments, tended also to become Zeus-like, a conservative *paterfamilias*, this conception of a revolutionary, prophetic, 'calling' God has never long been lost to the Jewish consciousness.

Dr. Werblowsky holds that Christianity, which drew on both the Hebrew and the Greek streams of thought, did not entirely succeed in fusing the two conceptions of God—and the equivalent conceptions of Satan. And this failure, he thinks, is reflected at large in Milton's poem. The Promethean aspect of Satan and his followers is there, in their heroic activity, their inventiveness and resourcefulness, their invention of the arts of civilisation. On the other hand, Milton deeply distrusts heroic activity, martial glory, resourcefulness, civilisation—see Christ's speeches in *Paradise Regained*. The

result is a basic contradiction with *Paradise Lost*. 'We have a Zeus-like God, a Son who as yet refuses to wield power, and a humanity which, because it is created in a Creator-God's own image, is brimful of enterprise and creative energy'. But 'this energy is "bedevilled" and sacrificed to the *hubris* fear-complex'. And in this scheme of things 'Lucifer, not being worshipped, is condemned, and with him Prometheus with whom he is now associated'. And Dr. Werblowsky concludes that 'Milton's Satan is great, and exhibits so many positive qualities, because he has absorbed Promethean elements; and Prometheus is condemned because he is seen in the devil. This, it would seem, is one of the reasons which make *Paradise Lost* a failure'.

### A Stimulating Argument

Dr. Werblowsky's argument, it is plain, is very stimulating and interesting. Obviously there are many questions to be asked: for instance, whether this sort of approach is valid at all. But in any case there are still some dubious points. For instance: surely his Greek-Hebrew antithesis is rather strained. In his insistence on the dominating masculinity, homosexuality, and anti-physical idealism of Greek culture, he seems to be generalising too much from Plato, who disliked Athenian democracy and admired the aristocratic and homosexual society of Sparta. We must not identify Greek culture as a whole with the Dorian form of it.

Again, in contrasting the static Zeus with the dynamic Yahweh, he leaves out their point of contact in the Prometheus story itself as, it is thought, Aeschylus, in the rest of the trilogy, developed it; leaves out the mysterious and daring concept of a moral evolution in Zeus, the solution of the Zeus-Prometheus conflict by an actual moral change in the Oppressor; not the anti-climactic 'reconciliation' detested by Shelley, but something much profounder: something not unlike the transformation which the Old Testament Yahweh undergoes in the prophetic writers. But my main criticism of Dr. Werblowsky is that he ignores the extent to which Christianity did disentangle itself from dualistic Greek metaphysics, in its doctrine of the Incarnation, and preserved the continuity from Judaism from the New Testament onwards; and that the stresses and strains which he finds in *Paradise Lost* are therefore less due to irreconcilable conflicts in Christianity than to conflicts in Milton himself. The disharmonies in *Paradise Lost*, evidenced in the story of Satan, or of the Fall of Man, occur where Milton's overriding assertive will does violence to his own finest perceptions and deepest impulses. It would be good to have a psychological account which would confirm and explain this impression of the literary critic. But this account would have to give close attention to Milton's peculiar treatment of the English language.—*Third Programme*

## The Scope of Partnership

(continued from page 259)

ably sound then people would work them properly, and a free, open, and stable society would develop. The failure then to see the need to prepare people for partnership is understandable, but it may well prove disastrous if this continues. Education in its widest sense is of quite crucial importance in all plural societies. I think many of the unhappy divisions in Africa today result from educational systems which have permitted, and still permit, young people to pass from infant classes through universities without ever becoming aware of the background and aspirations of their fellow-countrymen of different social heritage or ethnic origin. Although all Europeans in Africa tend to regard themselves as experts on native affairs, or, in the stock term, claim that they 'know the native', very few of them do, in fact, know anything at all, and, on the whole, tend to be blind and dangerously eccentric in their assumptions and judgments. It is not surprising that young people become ethnocentric, or arrogant about their own culture, when little or no time is given to the critical and sympathetic examination of those of others, or to concepts of 'race' and 'culture' and the process of social change; and when the colour bar operates in all schools and many universities. If, as I believe, only people can be partners, then the scope of partnership is that whole field where a man of one race may meet his fellow-citizen of another, and that surely is the whole of a man's normal human activities.—*Third Programme*

# The Listener's Book Chronicle

**The Forrestal Diaries.** Edited by Walter Millis and E. S. Duffield. Cassell. 25s. **Mr. President.** By William Hillman. Hutchinson. 21s.

THE PUBLISHING OF THE DIARIES, letters and papers of public figures, and their own writing of memoirs, have a two-fold value for the historian. In the first place there may be revealed facts or evidence, both new and confirmatory, which have not previously been known; in the second place insight is necessarily given into the character of the subject, an insight of greater or less consequence according to the importance of the role played. The value of *Mr. President* is of the second kind: a dull book, not too happily arranged, full of commonplaces and platitudes, yet not without significance because most of the commonplaces and platitudes were written or spoken by President Truman himself. There emerges the portrait of a man with little depth, of simple and conventional opinions, but a man of sincerity, with a firm moral code, and with a quite remarkable decisiveness and courage deriving from his unwavering convictions about right and wrong. fortunate it was for the world that the President of the United States was a man of this temper and directness when the invasion of South Korea was launched: no less striking is his resoluteness when his advisers were pondering the possible policies in response to the newly-imposed Berlin blockade, but (*The Forrestal Diaries* tell us on page 427) 'When the specific question was discussed as to what our future policy in Germany was to be—namely, were we to stay in Berlin or not?—the President interrupted to say that there was no discussion on that point, we were going to stay . . . we were in Berlin by terms of an agreement and . . . the Russians had no right to get us out'.

For the historian *The Forrestal Diaries* is much the more important book, as it is the better edited. The diaries that Forrestal began to keep shortly after he was appointed Secretary of the Navy in 1944 consist of daily calendars of appointments, of newspaper clippings, of copies of important documents, and, most important, of memoranda of meetings, interviews and conversations. From the nature of his position as Secretary, first of the Navy, and then of Defence, much of this material was highly confidential, but, according to the editor, only nine documents were removed as being prejudicial to military security, and 'while paraphrase has at times been used . . . it is believed that the essentials of the record have in all respects been preserved'. The editing in general is very satisfactory, editorial comment to link up the disconnected entries being kept to a minimum, and the sound policy having been followed of printing the entries only rarely out of chronological order, and letting them stand for what they were, 'data reports, not necessarily final or authentic in themselves, but authentically reflecting the world as it impinged upon Forrestal'.

The result is an absorbing book, full of incidental information on a wide range of matters and persons, diplomatic and military, but most significant for its revelation of the methods and processes of United States government. Irresponsibility is the keynote—of Cabinet members to any but the President, of Congressmen to any but their constituents, of the President to any but his own conscience and the ultimate impeachment power of Congress; and yet in the past eight years the United States has pursued policies of a restraint and generosity and

responsible statesmanship unequalled by any state in history possessing such preponderance of power. The answer to this seeming paradox must be that the comparative freedom from external restraints, and the constant necessity to explain and persuade imposed by the practical absence of power to coerce, are reflected in a greater measure of self-discipline which is the truest freedom. It can surely be not accidental that the post-war leadership of the United States has been in the hands of men of the steadfastness of Marshall, the foresight of Acheson, the iron control of Forrestal, and the simple integrity of the President himself.

### Three Early Nineteenth Century Diaries

Edited by A. Aspinall. Williams and Norgate. 45s.

Professor Aspinall, who has done much already to illuminate the source material for the history of the first thirty years of the nineteenth century, now places students of that period further in his debt by editing collated extracts from three diaries which roughly cover Grey's Reform Administration, from autumn 1830 to summer 1834. They throw much light on the background to the Reform Bill. A sensible introduction, drawing on more unpublished material, sets the stage for a new assessment of the motives which underlay those momentous years, on which nothing substantial has been published for over thirty years.

The three diarists are Le Marchant, principal secretary to Lord Chancellor Brougham; Edward John Littleton, M.P. for Staffordshire 1812-1832, Irish Secretary 1833; and Lord Ellenborough, Lord Privy Seal and then President of the Board of Control in the Wellington Ministry—a Whig, a Canningite become Whig, and a Tory ex-Cabinet minister. In these days of crisis, as all thought them to be, the Whigs believed that without a Reform Bill there would be revolution; the Tories, that revolution, though bloodless, would follow its passing, since no established institution could survive. Both were concerned to make government possible after the Bill. As Wellington put it, the question was not whether there should be a reform, but 'whether there could be a practicable Govt. and if so, whether such a Govt. would not be pernicious under the Bill'. How was the country to be governed if members had to vote according to the instructions of their constituents rather than the directions of a minister? How could a majority be got together and maintained without patronage? How could the Sovereign change his ministers and secure a majority for their successors? Both were concerned to maintain aristocratic control, which, said Le Marchant, 'will not henceforward stand of itself. Something must be done by the persons who wish to exercise it for its support. Thus they will necessarily be obliged to keep pace with the movement of the times'. Both were equally sure the Bill was a final step, 'to close all questions; and put an end to agitation': to what extent, therefore, should reform be taken?

In other ways, the old mingled confusedly with the new. Men talked of party, but still acted in groups. A fortuitous combination, hitherto acting separately, and not a united opposition, defeated Wellington in 1830; the Reform Ministry, representing, with the exception of the Radicals, all who had combined in that victory, was not so much a Whig ministry as a non-party government. As Grey put it in

February 1832, they cared only for reform, not for the Administration. Reform once achieved, the Government shed its non-Whig elements, and depended for its existence on support from Opposition benches, sometimes Radical, sometimes Tory. There was little difference of principle among public men: opposition was personal, not political. Wellington 'had supported the Govt. for nearly 40 years, and did not know how to set about opposing it'—'afraid of being accused of throwing obstacles in their way'.

Being the chief sufferers at the elections to the first Reformed Parliament, the Tories had the greatest interest in strengthening their organisation, and regaining a hold over public opinion. The Carlton Club from the first was a political club, organised for party and parliamentary purposes, with efficient local associations in the country. Ellenborough fully describes the problems of reunion and organisation. Even so, the Duke (and others) were opposed to meetings of members of both Houses, who should be managed, eighteenth-century fashion, through 'seven or eight or nine peers': a committee of eleven was eventually appointed to direct the movement of all, acting as captains of squads, responsible for their men being present.

This fascinating description of personalities and points emphasises how much research remains to be done (and how many glib secondary accounts need to be modified) before it will be possible to estimate precisely the effects of the Reform Bill on the character and composition of the House of Commons, on the electoral influence and position of the Sovereign, and on the development and organisation of modern party. It is accompanied by a wealth (even duplication) of annotation, though some incidents are not always fully explained at their first mention, possibly because of the interweaving of short passages from each diary, when fuller chapters had been prepared.

### The Fortunes of Faust. By E. M. Butler.

Cambridge. 30s.

For at least the last six years Professor Butler has been trying to answer the question why the story of an obscure sixteenth-century German professor and conjuror should have obsessed his compatriots for over three centuries and have been made the basis of the one generally conceded poetic masterpiece in the German language. Intermittently, Faust has appealed to writers of other nations, from Christopher Marlowe to Paul Valéry; but almost every German writer has felt impelled to write something about the Faust legend. In the present volume Professor Butler discusses about fifty literary Fausts at some length, including seventeen written after Goethe, and refers to at least as many again. Miss Butler is Schröder Professor of German and a Goethe specialist; by asking her ingenious question she has directly illuminated her favourite poet, and, by implication, the people in whose language he sang.

The study of the Faust story has led Professor Butler into strange byways, through the three volumes of her work. As an invoker of spiritual beings which he binds to his service, Faust takes his place in the esoteric 'Myth of the Magus' which has been current in Europe from the beginnings of literacy until this day. But the classical magus constrained the spirit to serve him for a term of years, as Prospero constrained

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Ariel. This service was exacted by the magus' greater spiritual strength; he offered nothing in return, certainly not his immortal soul. The study of 'Ritual Magic' shows that it is in the diabolical pact that Faust differs from his predecessors; it may be said that he repeats the sin of Adam, and gives his immortal soul for the knowledge of good and evil. His story gathers momentum with the Reformation; his damnation is the just reward for spiritual pride; and it is in this tragic light that Marlowe depicts him. Professor Butler calls the damnation of Faust 'Lutheran'; a daughter of the Enlightenment, her knowledge of theology is less than her knowledge of demonology.

In England as pantomime, in Germany as puppet play, the story of Faust continues as a framework for magic, spectacle, horror, and morality, until Lessing brings it back into literature. Dr. Faustus becomes the archetypal German figure, with two souls fighting in his breast; he becomes involved in the sentiments of seduced virginity and worthy parents; he becomes the symbol of Enlightenment, and the question of his rescue from damnation the symbol of mankind's future; as the belief in literal and personal damnation disappears, there is seemingly no limit to the metaphorical uses to which this figure can be put.

Professor Butler has cultivated a remarkable gift for reading and digesting the ineffably boring, concentrating its essence, and, like a good alchemist, turning this essence into instruction and entertainment for her readers. This talent was put to excellent use in the two earlier volumes, in the digesting and summarising of ritual texts and magic stories; and it is put to good use again in the present volume in the accounts of the Fausts of puppet and pantomime and the unreadable Fausts of untalented Germans of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. But in this final volume Professor Butler has made a disastrous error of judgment and composition: she has tried to combine a history of folklore, magic, and the historical elaboration of a myth with literary criticism and literary appreciation. She not only tells us what various authors have done to the Faust story (her proper matter); she also tells us what we ought to think of them as poets or dramatists, especially as poets. Now it may well be that some of these writers, especially Lenau, have the unrecognised literary merit which Professor Butler claims for them; but to accept these claims we must be given some possibility of passing judgment ourselves; at least the quotations should be in the original German (if only in footnotes or appendix, if German in the text is thought to be disturbing to the general reader). Instead we are given metrical versions in English, written with obvious care and ingenuity; but since they are nearly all written by the same person, and she not a professional poet, there is far less difference between the doggerel held up for our derision and the couplets held up for our admiration than the author probably intends or the originals demonstrate.

Compared with the two earlier volumes, *The Fortunes of Faust* is fatally flawed; but even so, Professor Butler's trilogy is one of the most stimulating explorations into the background of literature that the present generation has seen.

#### Structure and Function in Primitive Society. By A. R. Radcliffe-Brown. Cohen and West. 21s.

It might be thought that the study of kinship systems, 'joking relations', and the reasons why one's mother's brother may have a special role to perform even in a patrilineal society is too specialised a matter for the general reader. But the 'general reader' nowadays is familiar with

such terms as 'totem' and 'tabu', and he is concerned every day of his life with the institutions and relationships which make up what the social anthropologist calls the 'social structure'. Unfortunately our views about primitive peoples are frequently out of date and ill-informed, while our views on social structure are confused and unscientific. This collection of essays by Professor Radcliffe-Brown, who has done more than any living anthropologist to relate his material to wider issues, is of the very greatest value in clarifying our minds.

The essays have been collected by Professors Evans-Pritchard and Eggan from a variety of sources, mostly difficult of access, and they deal with the way in which religion and the topics mentioned above fit into the different types of social structure that are scattered about the world. There is, of course, a great deal of unusual information, as might be expected from so distinguished an anthropologist, but the centre of interest lies in the methodological approach. Comparative study is the essential method of sociology, and Professor Radcliffe-Brown's technique of interpretation illustrates one of the most profitable approaches to the study of modern large-scale society: the analysis of social structure and of the part played by its constituents in the continuity of the whole complex of social relationships of which it is formed. It is obvious that this kind of approach is more easily applied to a relatively simple society, but once the technique is mastered, we can make an attempt to apply it to our own.

#### The Art of Wordsworth By Lascelles Abercrombie. Oxford. 10s. 6d.

Lascelles Abercrombie is remembered as the most metaphysical of the Georgian Poets, and as a critic of philosophical scope. He died in 1938, before he had had time to prepare for publication a course of lectures which he had delivered at the Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore in 1935. These lectures, with the addition of an extra paper on 'Peter Bell', have now been edited by his son. It is perhaps a little late in the day to read another general account of Wordsworth's poetry; and even in 1935 Abercrombie belonged to a school which did not wish to be perturbed by 'that kind of guesswork which is called psychology'. Nevertheless, when he can no longer evade some explanation of Wordsworth's catastrophic decline as a poet, that explanation proves to be 'psychological'. But not the psychology of the passions—Annette Vallon is to be forgotten again. Instead we are to assume that Wordsworth's great poetry proceeded from a mystical communion with Nature, which involved living 'unspeakably alone'. He then 'gradually withdrew his mind from this sublime habit of experience, and finally closed his consciousness against it'. The only reason given for this withdrawal is that Wordsworth just could not bear to be alone—the solitude proved unendurable'. But why? Just at the point where the psychologist would normally begin to probe, Abercrombie stops—'there is no need to look for complexes and repressions'.

In view of this psychological prohibition, it is all the more surprising that the most illuminating distinction made by the author should nevertheless be psychological. He points out that in the case of most poets we first think of their texture, of moments of poetic experience. But when we think of Wordsworth's poetry 'though we can detach from it many splendid lines and exquisite phrases, we think first of some great organic movement of poetic experience rather than of intense and lovely moments in it'. His art (and this is the significance of the title of Abercrombie's book) lies precisely in this organisation of poetry into 'some large period of

experience'. It is Wordsworth's 'particular achievement to use language to organise in our minds 'an experience of a depth and complexity as extraordinary and moving as its technique is unobtrusive'. That is well said, and has not been said before.

#### Art and Everyman. By Margaret Bulley. Batsford. 2 vols. £4 4s.

Every critic likes to think that his judgments of value or quality in works of art are more than merely personal and subjective. If they are not made lightly, but are based upon a careful and prolonged scrutiny of the object brought into relation with a wide comparative background, and if the critic possesses a receptive and highly trained sensibility, surely, he feels, his judgments must have some objective validity. There is, of course, a sense in which such a conviction is justified. Within the limitations of a given medium, period, style and region, a judgment may easily pass into the realm of established fact. For instance, the judgments that Sir Joshua Reynolds was a better painter than Francis Cotes, or Michelangelo a greater sculptor than Bandinelli, are unlikely to be seriously challenged at any time, and may be regarded as objective truths. Nevertheless, as soon as the critic ventures beyond such limitations, as soon as he attempts to claim, for example, that Rembrandt, or Titian, or Raphael, or Giotto or whoever his fancy may indicate, was the greatest of painters, however strong his conviction, his opinion will not for long remain unchallenged. The slightest acquaintance with the history of criticism should be sufficient to warn the critic against the dangers of claiming any absolute, permanent, or universal validity for such judgments. The world of art, however, is never without those who rush in where angels fear to tread.

In *Art and Everyman* Miss Margaret Bulley sets out to explain to John and Mary, any ordinary couple about to embark on the making of a home, the 'universal and incorruptible principle of true design' in art. This principle, she is convinced, will enable them to distinguish 'the true work of art' from what is 'not art'. The golden elixir must be given in Miss Bulley's own words. 'The true artist or designer', she writes, 'is the man who has an idea of a particular kind, namely, the idea of a harmonious whole, seen as a mental image or mind-picture, whether of a house or painting, statue or jar. This idea, which is always original and individualised, is expressed in the mind-picture, and this picture takes shape in terms of material and craft (or technique)'. Such a formulation, which focuses attention on the 'idea' rather than the material work of art itself, is open to a great many objections, not least on account of its vagueness; but supposing that one is prepared to accept the principle, the question then arises, how should John and Mary distinguish the work which expresses the 'true and original mind-picture' from the work which does not? To this Miss Bulley answers as follows: 'The great need . . . is the freeing of the power of clear and original discernment, truly natural to everyman', the cultivation of what she calls 'the seeing eye'. The author's obvious enthusiasm and her sense of evangelism prevent her from seeing that such a principle and such a method do not in any way take us out of the realm of the purely personal and subjective response. In commenting on particular illustrations and comparisons she constantly employs phrases such as 'A and B make friends and draw apart from C and D', as if she were recording an objective process. To claim as a 'science of art' a method which so signally fails to distinguish the subjective and the objective is, to put it mildly, optimistic.

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The 840 illustrations of *Art and Everyman* are arranged in such a way as to make what is intended to be a progressive series of comparisons. Illustrations Nos. 22 to 103 form a basic corpus, which was used by the author in an 'experiment in aesthetics'. This material, arranged in pairs or in fours, was shown to groups of people, who were asked 'Which is the good work (or grouping) and for what reason?' The results of this experiment were then compared with the author's own opinions and the percentage of agreement recorded. These results are set out in an appendix to Volume I. It is doubtful whether any conclusions can be drawn from them. The technique of the experiment was defective in many ways. For instance, the controlling question implied that there was a 'right' answer, so there was an inevitable tendency to guess at the experimenter's opinion instead of reporting the subject's own reaction. Moreover, there was no timing of responses, so that the experiment fails to distinguish between first reactions and carefully considered second thoughts. Further, the quality of the photographs employed varies drastically, and in some cases they include irrelevant objects.

A group of students of art history and criticism (including eight professionals) recorded an eighty-one per cent agreement with Miss Bulley's own opinions in the test. Her opinions on the illustrations in Volume II would probably not command so high a proportion of consent. And when one finds her relegating not only Millais, Nicolaus Manuel Deutsch and the Venus of Willendorf, but also Bosch, Simone Martini, Philippe de Champigne, Villard de Honnecourt, Benvenuto Cellini, Filippino Lippi, Giorgione, etc., etc., to the limbo of 'not art', one is forced to question the usefulness of her book as 'A Basis for Appreciation, forming a general introduction to the study of art of all types, ages and countries', according to the claim on its title-page. Miss Bulley's taste is, of course, not devoid of interest. She has a disarming tendency to discover the greatest qualities in the naive drawings of children, and an evident ability to encourage certain children towards a remarkable degree of creative effectiveness. But any critic who can roundly declare that 'no essential difference exists' between Raphael's portrait of Baldassare Castiglione and Rembrandt's drawn copy of it, is a dangerous guide. This is no isolated instance of her perversity, either—the book abounds with similar alarming statements. And why, one wonders, does a writer who so insistently requires indivisibility and wholeness, persist in arguing from detached details?

In spite of a highly personal capriciousness, Miss Bulley's taste is essentially a classical one, which tends to be satisfied, above all, by certain of the great Italians of the Renaissance, especially Leonardo and Michelangelo, and by a few modern painters, including Picasso and Matisse, but which is inclined to reject both the Gothic and the Baroque.

**Key to Modern Poetry.** By Lawrence Durrell. Peter Nevill. 12s. 6d.

**Tradition in the Making of Modern Poetry.** By Howard Sergeant. Britannicus Liber. 12s. 6d.

Lawrence Durrell has collected a series of his British Council lectures on modern poetry, and well worth preserving they turn out to be. Used though we are to analyses of the sociological background to contemporary poetic thought and diction, Mr. Durrell still has something important to say. He is much concerned with the new worlds opened in our lifetime by science and psychology, and their challenge—almost universally taken up—to the minds of our best-equipped modern poets. In particular, our

twentieth-century conceptions of Time and the Ego, as Mr. Durrell demonstrates, have radically changed poetic diction.

He contrasts the objective 'Ulysses' of Tennyson with the subjective 'Gerontion' of T. S. Eliot—poems of similar theme, both autobiographical, and each centred around the prototype of contemporary 'hero'—and finds in their respective attitudes a profound difference in values, based on the disintegration of modern society and its accompanying loss of faith. Since the publication of *The Waste Land* in 1922, Mr. Durrell suggests, our leading poets have gradually assimilated the discoveries of science, until their latest styles reflect a fully integrated acceptance of them, fused with the poets' own mystic imaginations. His later chapters, tracing the progress of English poetry from the Decadents to the present day, further support these ideas. They are full of good sense and original thinking.

Howard Sergeant's book is the first of three projected volumes on the same subject. His is a less penetrating examination, principally because it covers a wider field than Mr. Durrell's. It is intended for that mythical creature, 'the general reader', and it compresses within its 120 pages much sound comment on more than seventy poets and their work.

### Dublin 1660-1860

By Maurice Craig. Cresset Press. 42s. Fifty years ago Dublin had not changed from the aspect it presented in the middle of the nineteenth century. There were such innovations as the electric tramways and the railway bridge across the Liffey, but the public buildings were much as the eighteenth-century architects, Ivory, Cooley, Gandon, and Johnston had left them. The broad streets still retained an air of detachment; there were signs of prosperity in the principal shopping centres, accompanied by nonchalant respectability in the suburbs; but everywhere there was a feeling that the Irish capital would continue unspoilt. But all this was paralleled by disregard of overcrowding and squalor in quarters once fashionable. If in those times public apathy to scenes of decay was general it is all the more to the credit of contemporary Irish antiquaries that so much of architectural interest was recorded.

Viewed from the standpoint of today it appears as if the records made half a century ago were undertaken primarily for the benefit of the present generation. By 1920 all was different; many public buildings had suffered damage, residential areas had changed their character. It is now more than thirty years since Dublin entered upon the modern phase of its history: a new portrait is both opportune and welcome.

Mr. Craig has adopted a novel method for his book. Naturally he makes full use of the voluminous and attractive material already prepared, but he proceeds to recast known facts in a manner of his own which will gain a well-merited reception. He lays his foundations very fairly on Irish social history of the seventeenth century; having done this he proceeds to build a structure which is elegant and honest, embracing the minutest details of literature and architecture.

Under his guidance we see the City expanding, we note the part played by the Municipality, the relation of church and state, the advent of the intellectuals, including Petty, the Molyneauxs, and Dean Swift. Not only are Mr. Craig's sketches of notabilities entertaining but he has mastered the difficult task of describing architecture and avoiding technicalities. Encouraged by his skilled touches we follow the building of the Royal Hospital at Kilmainham, we meet the architect Sir William Robinson, we recognise types of dwellings which were new in the days of Carteret. Gradually, the inner parts of the

City take shape and buildings of monumental scale spring into being. For example the Parliament house designed by the famous Lovett Pearce, also Leinster House by Cassel. These two buildings show how the manner of the Baroque was introduced to Ireland.

By 1760 Dublin had become the second important City in the British Isles; not great in a commercial sense but endowed for all time with incomparable charm and civic dignity. At this period building activity had increased abnormally, the crafts were flourishing, there was employment for masons, bricklayers, carpenters, and scores of foreign artificers who specialised in decoration. Mr. Craig draws attention to the fact that life in eighteenth-century Dublin differed very little from that in any other European capital. The scenic background in fact was not dissimilar to that of contemporary London. The main interest, however, centres on the public buildings erected between the years 1760-1800. These latter are shown in a number of attractive illustrations giving the five major and the six minor elevations of Dublin. The grandeur of the City had yet to be fulfilled, an accomplishment reserved for James Gandon, a pupil of Sir William Chambers. The author deals at length with Gandon's masterpieces, the Customs House and the Four Courts, illustrating his remarks by a series of line illustrations.

It was inevitable that Gandon's success should have encouraged other architects to continue post-renaissance traditions. The list includes the names of Robert and Edward Parker and Francis Johnston, the latter being architect of the Castle Chapel and the founder of the Royal Hibernian Academy of Arts. Mention is made of many other lesser luminaries whose works show the respect in which Gandon's taste was held. Finally, the Broadstone terminus designed by Mulvany for the Midland and Great Western Railway practically ended the sequence of classicality. Mr. Craig has chosen view points which show the advantages Dublin possesses, particularly the way in which harmony has been maintained between different groups of buildings. The author realises the value of compositions, which are gems of conventional scenery, enriched by detail which is scholarly and refined. This is a book for the historian, the architect, and the artist.

### The Art of Television

By Jan Bussell. Faber. 18s.

But is it an art? The question is not answered by this lively and discursive treatise. Jan Bussell is evidently an enthusiast and books by enthusiasts are generally a pleasure to read. As the subject is little understood and as it seems likely to have a wholly disproportionate influence on the British—we watch less than the Americans but thousands of times harder than the French—even comparatively naive discussion can surely only do good. Mr. Bussell touches finally on aesthetic questions but shies away from the enormous issues and offers us, with enthusiasm which disarms, the television script of his play 'Sea Fever'. This in itself may explain much to the uninstructed viewer—and those who wonder idly why television drama looks . . . as it does. For the rest there are chapters about talks, drama, ballet, compères and commentators; the approach is simple, informative and direct. 'For the performer the golden rule is obedience to the producer. Some are brilliant, others are not. But none of them stands a chance without this obedience. "Producer" is the name given by the BBC to the director of a programme. A television programme depends entirely on this one key man. If he should become indisposed there is nothing for it but to fade out'. Old producers, as the song nearly says, never die; they merely fade right out.

# CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

## TELEVISION

### Smart and Simple

HOW HARD IT IS to draw the curtains against the late sunlight, the crying seagulls (we used to get too many of those on sound radio!), the purr of the lawn mower, and the gusts of laughter coming up from the pierrot show on the beach—somehow the pierrot show on our screen is less than tempting. Equally, with what a shameless pleasure does one think of the people sheltering under the pier when rain raps across the window. In short, how wise the television drama department has been not to succumb to the usual deck-chair slackness. Silly season it may be, but what we have been offered this last fortnight, though decidedly not seasonal (especially that fancy Nativity play) has not been too silly either.

Silly, to be sure, is a relative term. I once heard an indignantly no-nonsensical soul cry out at the climax of 'Oedipus' when the king staggered forth blind, 'Tcha! Silly thing!' So I have no doubt some people found some silliness in 'The Whip' by Royston Morley; but Mr. Morley has good precedent for his story which made the future of England, democracy, and the parliamentary system seem to hang upon an irregular union between an M.P. and a super lady civil servant. Improbable? Well, perhaps. But I thought the play so well written for television and slipped along at us so fast and neatly that, given a reasonable amount of co-operation, it persuaded

readily enough. I will not say I wholly suspended belief in the cardinal love affair, but the scenes in the House were really quite exciting, Clifford Evans coming into his own here. Mr. Portman and Miss Shingler were sound throughout. I hope Mr. Morley will feel encouraged to write more plays for television; good humdrum ones if nothing better. We can do with that standard.

The other new play, not, I believe, specially written for television, was 'A Cradle of Willow' by Dorothy Wright, a quasi-religious piece of a simple-heartedness which more or less spikes critical



Scene from 'A Cradle of Willow', with (left) Robert Speaight as Master Breague, Maureen Poyr as Mistress Breague, and Catherine Lacey as Mistress Hoad



'Her Royal Highness': left to right, Aubrey Dexter as Philip of Coburg, Ian Fleming as Count Rombach, Ann Todd as the Princess, and Harry Andrews as Geza von Mattachich



'The Whip': left to right, Wyndham Goldie as Sir Charles Trevannion, Eric Portman as Edward Villiers, and Helen Shingler as Mrs. Emma Corstaiens

were heard singing praise and the night was suddenly sweet and beautiful was followed by too lengthy clearing-up operations, curing Mistress Breague and Mistress Hoad and making good the halt and the blind. Or, at least, it was too long for my taste. Perhaps other people, surrendering gladly, found the rhythm and shape acceptable. The end, where all set to work to build an osier cradle for the Child, again touched the poetic nerve. It was well produced. This play compares, in my view, very favourably with the much touted and crowned American television prize piece, Menotti's 'Amahl', which has rather the same sort of subject.

Stage simpletons with rustic accents and blankets o'er their heads also featured in the British Drama League plays, which were well worth

guns. This was, to judge by the accents (e.g. 'oysoit' for eyesight, and so on) somewhere in stage fen country, and among the villagers who assisted at the miraculous birth of a Child in the local stable were such well-known persons as Catherine Lacey (Mistress Hoad) and Robert Speaight in a beard, Hugh Pryce, and any number of baskets as a circumstantial decor. There was perhaps overmuch consciously 'beautiful' writing, and the indulgence of that sentimental device whereby clods are made to speak with the kind of simile which occurs more often in Golders Green than on village square. 'Clean as a clover leaf he were', said, I think, someone at some point, and though she said it very sweetly (Rosemary Harris, was it?) it did not quite ring true.

The piece rather overran itself; the climax where the Hosts of Heaven

presenting and came up on the whole fresh and spirited. One was about Noah from the Chester Cycle, the other a play by T. C. Thomas called 'The Sound of Stillness', in which Welsh voices and sincerity fused into something curiously touching at times. One of the players, Mervyn Gerrish, will linger in memory. He is, of course, an amateur and I was prompted to the thought that perhaps one day we shall reach the position, already reached by the cinema, when perfectly ordinary people will, by the skill of a director, seem to be acting. After all, the number of fresh actors' faces is not limitless; besides, in close-up, they look so much like actors. Indeed, the close-up is, altogether, the enemy of the star performer. For one thing, it 'uses them up', so to speak, much too quickly. If, for instance, you had—as I had—spent the whole of the afternoon before 'Her Royal Highness' watching Miss Ann Todd in a film where she suffered and suffered because she was married to a test pilot, you would have been that much less in the mood to spend the evening watching her suffer and suffer because she was married to

Prince Philip of Coburg, 'Her Royal Highness' seemed to me to go better on the screen than it had on the stage. This was partly, perhaps chiefly, due to Eric Fawcett's direction, which kept the play moving as easily and unobtrusively as a film. It also looked convincing (a match say for 'Mayerling') and the main performances, especially Miss Todd's, were all quite in order. Miss Todd, who has a predilection for playing wanderwitted, if not downright cuckoo, heroines, here managed to suggest the horrid dilemma with a brilliantly sane assurance. Mr. Andrews, looking like something out of Ouida and Tissot, was less obviously assured, but had, I think, the necessary romantic flourish without which the story, even though basically true, would not be very interesting. The view of royalty is, by the way, clearly designed to make American audiences feel superior and democratic—'All that old-fashioned king stuff, I don't get it—but it was not too fiercely obtruded. On the whole, a decided success.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

## BROADCAST DRAMA

## Stars in their Courses

I REMEMBER Charles Coborn as an immense and genial pair of eyebrows on the other side of the table in his Maida Vale home. It was his eighty-fifth birthday, during the nineteen-thirties; and I had asked him the usual, and silly, interviewer's question: 'You're not tired of the stage?' Coborn and his eyebrows leaned across the table. 'Go to the river', he said, 'and ask the first fish you see if it's tired of the water'. Conclusive enough, certainly. That was fifteen years ago. I remembered it during Gale Pedrick's expert radio portrait for the Coborn centenary, 'The Man Who Broke the Bank' (Home), the tale of a generous, vital comedian who never lost his vitality, and whose voice echoes down sixty years of the British music-hall.

Mr. Pedrick gave to us the man himself and the songs he sang (John Rorke's voice supplied them). As we listened, we understood more clearly than ever why the Victorian music-hall flourished, thanks to its swinging, lilting tunes that, once heard, stay—and with them the ridiculous lyrics. 'Coborn had a genius for getting people to sing his songs', said George Robey in the programme. True: but what songs they were! And I do not mean only the inseparable twins of Coborniana, 'The man who broke the Bank' and 'Two lovely black eyes': there are also the cabby's 'He knows the werry number on your door', and 'The pretty little girl that I know'. Coborn was always friendly, unpretentious, and, as Gale Pedrick showed, gallant. It was pleasant to sit back on an August night by the sea, to join in the chorus of 'The man who broke the Bank', and to listen to the unmistakable swoop-and-quiver of Dame Edith Evans' voice as she honoured Charles Coborn's memory on behalf of the legitimate stage.

That was one kind of star. There was a different one in 'The Star Without a Name' (Home), a little comedy by the late Antoine Bibesco, that began in a cunningly fanciful mood and flicked away to sentimentality. But all the early scenes in and around the station of a small French provincial town were both diverting and good radio. The wayward Mona (Mai Zetterling), 'looking like a star falling from heaven', did not know, when she was expelled from the train at St. Gouda des Bois, that she would meet a more than usually efficient stationmaster (Peter Bull), an astronomer (Herbert Lom) who has found a new star, and a composer (Martin Miller) who needs for his symphony the bagpipes he cannot get. All the earlier part was treated delicately by author,

players, and Mary Hope Allen, the producer; and it was disappointing when the author's invention failed and we realised that the comedy had been a shooting star after all.

So to a star of the classical Greek stage, Menander. His fragmentary New Comedy of 300 B.C., the 'Epitrepontes', has been completed as 'The Arbitration' by Gilbert Murray: none better for Athenian pastiche. As I can testify, it acts well; but its medley of recognition and misunderstanding, its Attic salt and its peppery father, can be confusing on the air, and the afternoon (Home) dragged a bit, for all its cheerful flashes. ('It is an education beyond the schools to have been a real she-bear', observes the sentenced nymph, victim of Artemis.) Julie Somers chuckled gently as this honey-bear, who is an irrelevance. The pleasures of the occasion were Kathleen Michael's harpist-into-long-lost-daughter and John Ruddock's rasping heavy father. The slaves grew tiring; they slaved to little purpose.

Lenore Coffee and W. J. Cowen, who wrote 'Family Portrait' (Home) owed a great deal in the theatre to Fay Compton; and again, on the air, they owed much to her as Mary, the Mother who seeks to understand the strange genius of the Son. It is, in itself, an unusually apt New Testament drama, sincere and plain; and, with the glowing truth of Fay Compton's voice and Gladys Young as Mary Cleophas, the piece again took the heart. 'Men and Women' (Home) seemed by comparison to be a ramshackle affair. It is the tale of the death of a marriage, intelligently told but loosely constructed. Its people do not remain: they have, alas, melted into air, into thin air, and we do not mourn them.

J. C. TREWIN

## THE SPOKEN WORD

## Eternal Truth

SUPERSTITION, one of my dictionaries tells me, is 'that which is believed in face of reason and common sense'. As a definition this doesn't get us very far. 'But what kind of reason', we very properly ask, 'and what kind of common sense?' Common sense, the same dictionary tells me, is 'normal understanding', and this gets us no further at all. Much of what seems common sense to Einstein and his like is arrant nonsense to me, and conversely. Indeed my common sense, if I gave it its head, would tell me that the sun moves round the earth and the fact that I know it doesn't is a glowing testimony to my superstition—my blind faith in the scientific scriptures.

I freely confess, then, that I listened to Sir Edmund Whittaker's enthralling talk 'Are There Eternal Truths?' in a state of superstitious awe. Nothing is more difficult, when listening to an abstruse discussion, than to find out when we are understanding the argument and when not. We grasp a detail here and there and, dazzled by the resulting glow of satisfaction, fail to note that we have long since lost the thread on which these details are strung. At first, it was plain sailing. Sir Edmund gave examples of supposedly eternal truths which proved no more eternal than skittle-pins—Newton's Law of Gravitation, for instance, which Einstein knocked over or at least severely shook in 1915, and now Einstein's Law is no longer of regulation shape. The theory of light has suffered a similar disturbance. Once it was universally believed to be propagated by the ether: a later busybody removed the ether and we were left in the dark. Now it has been replaced as a necessary assumption. One is reminded of Voltaire's 'Si Dieu n'existe pas, il faudrait l'inventer'. (I hope I have quoted Sir Edmund with tolerable accuracy.)

So far so good, but soon the skies thickened and every few minutes I was loudly but ineffectually sounding my fog-horn. Yet all the time I was not merely mystified; I was passionately interested and I plunged ahead, knowing that no one can become an accomplished swimmer unless he has ventured out of his depth. And soon I was floundering in a sea of 'astronomical' figures, millions and millions, relating, in ways I do not understand, to natural laws. The imagination boggled—and nothing, gentle reader, is more stimulating than the boggling of the imagination. From these figures there emerged Eddington's Cosmical Number and my condition approached that of the old lady when faced by 'the comfort ble ble word Mesopotamia'. From the Cosmic Number it appears that there is a timeless rule of law which existed even before the material universe existed. This, Sir Edmund pointed out, is a spiritual aspect of physical science. In fine, this dark and difficult talk was full of illuminating flashes very stimulating to the imagination.

The metronome, that relentless sergeant-major which beats out the time for a piece of music with an inhuman precision, might not seem a promising subject for a broadcast, but Max Rostal gave a highly interesting talk on the thing in which, having briefly disposed of its history, he spoke of its use by various composers. Beethoven at first dismissed it with contempt, but relented so far as to give metronome marks to all his symphonies. Later, he drastically revised those for the Ninth, making them all much slower. Schönberg and Bartók gave metronome marks to all their compositions: Bartók even went so far as to indicate minute changes of tempo and, after totting up the grand total, adding the exact time to be taken by the complete performance. Schönberg, on the other hand, stated that his metronome marks are simply suggestions. Mr. Rostal himself rightly considers that it is impossible to lay down hard-and-fast tempi, since tempo depends on imponderables such as temperature, acoustics, and where and at what time the piece is being performed.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

## BROADCAST MUSIC

## All for Your Delight

MUSIC-LOVERS GENERALLY, and critics in particular, too often forget in their discussions that one prime purpose of musical performances is to entertain the listener. This was certainly the 'true intent' of Adriano Banchieri when he devised his Shrove Tuesday 'Festino'. This is one of the earliest examples of such music designed not merely to amuse the performers, but an audience as well. It can still be diverting, even without visual contact with the ebullient singers (whom one pictures as suppressing their own laughter), as last week's lively performance under Anthony Bernard proved. The imitations of instruments are both ingenious and enchanting, while the 'contraponto bestiale' is as faithful in its notation of animal voices as the cats' duet in 'L'Enfant et les Sortilèges'. Might it not be worth while to give us one of Banchieri's more dramatic madrigal comedies, which already have the stock ingredients of the typical *opera buffa* plot?

'Don Pasquale', which was relayed from Salzburg, has indeed an ancestry of more than 200 years in a thousand old duves of young lovers—and is none the worse for that. What a delightful entertainment it is! It seemed to me the other night vastly superior to 'Cenerentola', whose music is altogether coarser in grain and less abundantly tuneful. And it is all very well to dismiss Donizetti's old 'guitar', but what of the music that accompanies Norina's entrance as a blushing bride? Could breathlessness and

modest hesitation be more neatly and economically depicted in music? The performance was handicapped by the fact that Viennese voices simply have not the kind of sparkle which this music demands. So Sesto Bruscantini's Don Pasquale stuck out a mile from the rest, excepting Helmut Krebs' Ernesto. Even so it was a dumb audience that did not insist upon an encore of 'Cheti, cheti', that paragon of buffo duets.

Mr. Leighton Lucas can always be relied upon to entertain us. His latest programme was up to standard, though it tailed off at the latter end in the rather turgid archaisms of Honegger. The rest was delightful and unfamiliar. Fran-

çais's Rhapsodie for viola and small orchestra follows the gay and limpid traditions of Chabrier, here represented by the deliciously scored 'Habanera'. It might be argued that the acrobatics demanded of the violist go something against the grain of that reserved and least showy instrument. But when they are as brilliantly executed as they were by Herbert Downes, who managed to make what seemed incredible feats sound easy, such argument is surely pedantic. Germaine Tailleferre's 'Image' followed and made one ask why we should have had to wait more than thirty years for a piece so poetical in feeling and so refined in expression. Beside it Milhaud's rumbustious 'Carnaval

d'Aix' seemed crude with its loud circus noises, but it is good fun and its sections are brief enough not to outstay their welcome.

Provided we take it as entertainment-music—that is, not too seriously—the immense pot-pourri of pretty little tunes and jingling rhymes, which Mahler called his Fourth Symphony, is also enjoyable, especially when Bruno Walter is there to condone its inflation. In a programme consisting of Mozart's G minor Symphony, Strauss' 'Don Juan' and Mahler's Symphony, the conductor was battling on his home ground. Only the recording failed to do full justice to the Concertgebouw strings.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

## The Comic Spirit in German Opera

By SCOTT GODDARD

'Die Meistersinger' will be broadcast at 4.55 p.m. on Sunday, August 17, and 'Die Zauberflöte' at 7.0 p.m. on Tuesday, August 19 (both Third)

THE conjunction of 'Die Zauberflöte' and 'Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg' in the same week's programmes emphasises their similarities and differences. In each the comic element overflows into the farcical, and each is a telling example of the comic spirit in German opera.

Papagno on the one hand, Beckmesser on the other, are prime comic characters. In considering this type as it is portrayed in German opera, these are the two who come most instantly and clearly to mind. There are others. But these represent more obviously than any the main comic types: the pure comic and the comic entangled and at last destroyed by some particularly ridiculous form of vaulting ambition. The one causes us to laugh. We watch his diversions happily, for we feel that he, being such a good and kind body, is after all witless and altogether too lowly to draw down upon his unoffending, empty head the envy of the gods. He will surely escape without ever having been forced to pay his scot. The other we watch with increasing dismay that turns to distaste as his ambitions lure him ever nearer the trap barbed with human cruelty that will soon close over him, breaking his spine. It is not a pretty spectacle and no amount of fine music can quite dispel its bitter tang.

To those may be added Baron Ochs von Lerchanau, the aristocratic dolt in 'Der Rosenkavalier'. Like Beckmesser he is a buffoon and a comic brought low by ambition that blinds him to the significance of what is going on around him; and like Beckmesser he is cruelly betrayed. Yet there are infinite degrees of heartlessness as there are of beastliness. Beckmesser is an almost tragic figure at the end. His gauche, sententious mood has betrayed him and he will die of shame or if not, then of loneliness. His one success has been to attract the mean and cruel attentions of the average man-in-the-street and thereby display that type in its average pettiness. Ochs will not die from the effects of his folly. He too has focused upon himself and his peculiar situation the garish light of our common spiteful humour. In that he has his uses as a character and a strong constituent of Hofmannsthal's comedy. Unedifying and insensitive, all that will happen to Ochs is that, having climbed too high to where the twigs are too thin to bear his obese person, he will fall to a level of complacency, muddier than the earth that spawned him. He is comic but not in any way tragic, though his plight enlists our sympathy.

At first, as Dr. Wellesz has recently reminded us, Hofmannsthal placed Ochs nearer the centre

of the intrigue than the place the character now has on its outer edge. The opera was to be called 'Ochs von Lerchenau' and we find Hofmannsthal speaking of the kind of baritone needed for the title role (letter to Strauss dated May 12, 1909: thus three months after his original letter announcing the beginnings of the scenario). Had Ochs stayed near the centre with Octavian as his *vis-à-vis* and the Marschallin relegated to one side, the piece would have had a different savour. Manifestly the element of farce, and coarse farce at that, would have carried everything before it. We should have been deprived of that quality which gives the libretto such astonishing individuality among opera books, its catharsis of dumb animal brutishness personified by Ochs. Before the end he goes. The story reaches its climax without him. Not only is he not there but is completely forgotten when the other three have their final trio of renunciation and forgiveness. Ochs' situation is interesting; but in fact it goes for nothing in comparison with the music Strauss has lavished on that comic character. Beckmesser's situation is interesting to the exclusion of the music Wagner has woven round the part. Ochs has his waltz; Beckmesser hardly anything but the squeak of his chalk on the blackboard and the squawk of his voice accompanied by a twanging lute and the raps of Sachs' hammer upon the last.

But if we forget Beckmesser's music it is because he so haunts us as a character. This is paradoxical; a by-blow of Wagner's genius, a character that lives not so much in the music he sings as in the life he leads on and off stage, things hinted about him and reflected in his fellows. He is the touchstone of decency in the overt activities and the unspoken as much as spoken thoughts of all. Sachs is the foremost character, whose probity and warmth never fail except for a moment with Beckmesser when he becomes less than great. Eva is commonplace, Walther her equal in everything. Beckmesser overtops both easily.

His comicality is made the more absurd and his downfall the more distressing to witness because of his pomposity. In that he is not alone. His theme quotes the gallant opening of Walther's knightly theme, quotes it rather grimly, then breaks off with a 'tut-tut' that one cannot but echo with some sympathy for the older man. Yet if he sees through all of them but Eva, he is too involved, as becomes this type of comic, in his own pomposity to evade their spite. And in each he awakens some streak of meanness, until by the end the mere fact of his existence has soured them all, in varying degrees; so that one

wonders how, after this tale has ended, they will go on living in the same close community with him and each other. Comic he is, but tragic too, the one tragic figure in the opera. And not all Sachs' noble gestures and get-together warnings at the end can efface the effect of Beckmesser and his scorned, unalleviated pain.

He goes deeper into human experience than any other character in the opera, and that is why a merely comical portrayal of Beckmesser fails. Papagno on the other hand floats on the bright, sunny surface of experience. When one day the singer comes along who can portray this child of nature with childlike instead of childish gaiety we shall have presented to our astonished gaze a rare denizen of the operatic world, the child of intuition and instinct, the natural comedian who, taking himself seriously, is comic only in the eyes of others. He moves easily in every situation of the story, never out of focus, always in character whether he is faced with terrors or with delights. And he alone of all the characters in that strange mixture of styles and ideas moves with absolute assurance across the chasm separating the first act from the second.

We shall probably never know the precise nuance given to this character by Schikaneder, the original Papagno, whether childlike buffoonery or childlike animal simplicity. Mozart has provided for the childlike creature, our ideal Papagno. Where Ochs the brutish comic is forgotten in the music and Beckmesser the tragic comic is remembered in spite of it, Papagno and his music are indivisible. It is curious that the part is always over-acted and generally given to singers physically too old and vocally too imposing. The result is more often than not distressing. Of the three comic characters mentioned here this is the most difficult for a sophisticated singer. You can get away with it in 'Der Rosenkavalier' by singing finely and making Ochs merely gross, or in 'Die Meistersinger' by singing finely and making Beckmesser a figure of cruel fun. Monkey with Papagno (and how easy that manifestly is) and you produce a pitiful nonentity. A boy singer has been known to do the difficult trick of presenting the intuitive Papagno; watching his performance it was worth forgoing the grandeurs of a voice for the unaffected grace and humour of the interpretation. One realised at that moment that the gross and cruel aspects of German operatic comedy as exemplified in the behaviour of Ochs and the treatment meted out to Beckmesser were not the only kind of characterisation to be met with there. Papagno remains one of the finest examples of the pure comic in opera.

# Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

## FIRST AID AT THE WATERSIDE

IT IS EXTRAORDINARY how people can get into difficulties in the water, even in seemingly safe bathing places. Let us suppose that an apparently drowned person has been pulled out on to the beach or bank—what are you to do? The immediate danger, of course, is that the person will die of suffocation, so the essential thing is to clear his mouth and air passages, as far as possible, and then to maintain artificial respiration until normal breathing is established.

Turn the apparently drowned person face downwards. Turn his head to one side, force his mouth open if it is not already so, and with your fingers rapidly clear any obstruction, such as weed, seaweed, or false teeth, out of his mouth and throat. Then stand astride him across his thighs, stoop down and clasp your hands together under the lower part of his abdomen—below his navel, that is—raise his body, and keep it raised as long as any water comes out of his mouth and nose. You have now emptied the air passages as far as possible, and should proceed immediately to artificial respiration.

The method commonly employed in England is the Schafer method, and those who have practised it would be wise to stick to it. There is, however, a newer one, which has been shown in careful experiments to produce even greater ventilation of the lungs. Having laid the patient face down, you put his hands, one on top of the other, underneath his head. You kneel on one knee at his head, facing his feet, grasp his arms above the elbows and rock yourself backward, raising his arms until you feel resistance at his shoulders. You then drop his arms and immediately place your hands on his back just below the shoulder blades. Keeping your elbows straight, you rock forward and use your weight to exert a steady pressure on his chest. After two-and-a-half seconds, grasp his arms above the elbows again, rock yourself backward, lifting his arms until resistance is felt at the shoulders—then drop the arms and rock forward again, pressing as before on his back just below the

shoulder blades. This again should be done about twelve times every minute, the two parts of the manoeuvre each taking about two-and-a-half seconds.

A DOCTOR

## BUYING FURNITURE

Most people setting up home for the first time in these days find they have only a limited amount of money to spend, and so must concentrate on essentials. We spend, on the average, nearly a third of our life in bed, and I think the first essential is a good bed. Secondly, I would say a dining table to eat off, a chair to sit up to the table, and a fireside chair or easy chair to relax in afterwards. Perhaps, too, if we are short of cupboard space, we would require a wardrobe or a chest of drawers.

If you are buying a wardrobe, look at the doors and make sure that they are straight and fitting snugly. If possible, buy a wardrobe where the doors are fitting into the 'carcass' rather than on to it, because they will be more dustproof. If possible, buy it about twenty-one inches deep. Make sure that it will take a hanger. Have a look at the hinges; be sure they are well fitted and quite firm, and that there is no sign of any splits where they go into the main carcass. If you are buying a chest of drawers or a dressing table I think it is essential to take the drawers out; look at the joints where the front of the drawer joins the sides, make sure that they are smoothly finished, that there is no sign of any splitting or any knots in the timber.

There are two types of beds—you can buy a divan and mattress, or you can buy the bedstead with a spring and mattress. You can, today, get a double-sized bed with a spring and a mattress for £11 14s. 6d. If you go into a slightly higher price level—and this is quite an interesting point—you can get a double divan and mattress for slightly less money than you can a double bed of the same quality. If you are buying a bedstead, look at the main posts of the bed to which the panels are fixed—like a chair leg

—and make sure that the grain is straight up and down. If it tends to go across, the legs or the posts are inclined to split.

LANCE GOSDEN

The Editor of 'Woman's Hour' writes regretting that there were inaccuracies in the 'Hints for the Housewife' broadcast on August 6 and reproduced in part in THE LISTENER last week. She has been informed that the oils recommended in the recipe for moth preventative are likely to cost more than the 7s. quoted by the speaker; and while sprinkling salt on the carpet is an old-fashioned method of discouraging moth it may cause touches of damp to appear on the carpet whenever the weather is damp.

## Notes on Contributors

EDGAR KENNEDY (page 243): returned last year from Korea, where he served with the U.N. Civil Assistance Command; formerly a member of the staff of the International Refugee Organisation; author of *Mission to Korea*

W. GRIGOR McCLELLAND (page 245): a North Country business man; member of the Commission on Under-developed Countries at the recent International Economic Conference in Moscow

SIR ROBERT BRUCE LOCKHART, K.C.M.G. (page 248): Deputy Under-Secretary of State, Foreign Office, and Director-General of Political Warfare Executive, 1941-45; author of *Jan Masaryk: A Personal Memoir*, etc., and the forthcoming *My Europe*

LORD BURGHLEY, K.C.M.G. (page 253): Chairman of the British Olympic Association and member of the International Olympic Committee

KENNETH KIRKWOOD (page 258): Lecturer in Native Administration, Natal University

DR. ERIC ASHBY (page 262): President and Vice-Chancellor of Queen's University, Belfast, since 1950; Harrison Professor of Botany and Director of Botanical Laboratories, Manchester University, 1946-50

W. W. ROBSON (page 269): Lecturer in English, Oxford University

## Crossword No. 1,163

## 14A Through the 12D By Sansine

(with apologies to L. 11D)

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): Book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: First post on Thursday, August 21

'34A', said 14A quietly, 'Of course, to 32U through the 12D backwards will make things seem smaller instead of bigger; no room for double letters nor hyphens, naturally. Still, I shan't have to mind my 's and 's, because they seem to have vanished in these 1D, to. However, I must 37B on and see what 3A 15B 8D 13B 29D to 4D me!'

Suddenly she saw a creature like an 1A, that 31A towards her with a 20D and then seemed to 19A and fall 29A 13B her feet. 'Oh dear!', she said, and hastened to pick him up, 'who are you, please? Are you somebody from a nursery 38A, like Boe, or 35A in Bots?'

'I am the 20A, the fabled, the historic, 13D!' he said loudly, 'and this is my 9D. I thought I had taken every possible 10A this time', he went on sadly, 'but one of my 7D 21U when I wasn't 21U, 5D me in the 26D, broke a 25B in its harness, bolted, and . . . ' 'There, there', interjected 14A, 'you know, I'm 16A for you, but you mustn't just 30A against Fate. May I help you to get 24D again?'

'My brother should have helped me', he grumbled, 'but he's a broken 36A! Anyway, 17A the 2D and the 33A together to my 23A 6D as a 27A at the back of my head. I ke the 2D there so that I don't sneeze', he explained, '33A juice and eer

make an excellent 18D, you know. The only trouble is that the juice will 28D down my neck. Oh, bother it all!' he cried, as 14A struggled to 17A up his belongings, 'I declare, if I had a 22A, I'd dig a hole and bury the lot!'

## Solution of No. 1,161

P	I	E	R	C	E	B	A	S	S	E	T
E	D	L		P	I	A					
D	U	M	A	C	A	D	W				
A	U	T			T	E	A	B			
N	A	N	D	U	S	T	H	U	R	I	O
T	O	S	A	V	O	Y	D	T			
V	R										
T	S	R	O	A	CH	A	C				
H	E	T	O	R	Y	E	L	E			
E	C	T	H	E	N	A	E	A			
R	O	L	Y	A	E	N	E	A			
O	E	R	Y	A	E	N	E	A			
N	E	S	T	O	A						
E	T	O	R	H	R	N	E	R			

### NOTES

Across: 10. N-AND-U.S. 13. A SOY V-SAVOY. 16. CHAR O-ROACH. 22. YELL OR-ROLLEY.

Down: 5. HAY APT-APATHY. 11. SAVOYARD-DAY-SAVOR. 17. THERE O-HERETO.

CROSSWORD RULES.—(1) Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelops containing them should be addressed to the Editor, of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, and should be marked 'C' over the left-hand top corner. (2) Clues are not normally given for words of two letters. There are no capricious traps. Each competitor is allowed to submit only one solution, but legitimate alternatives are accepted. (3) Collaborators may send in only a single joint solution. (4) Subject to the above rules the senders of the first three correct solutions opened are awarded a book token of the values specified. (5) In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final.

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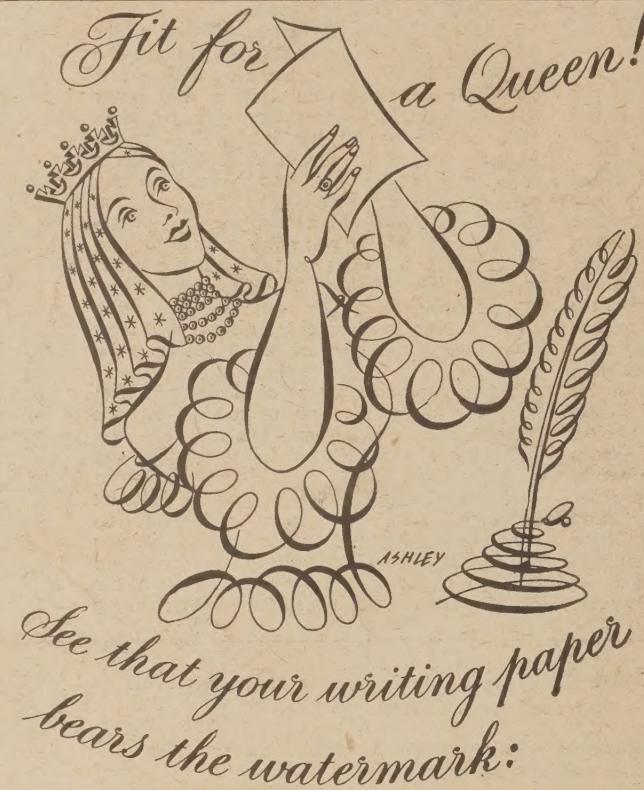
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